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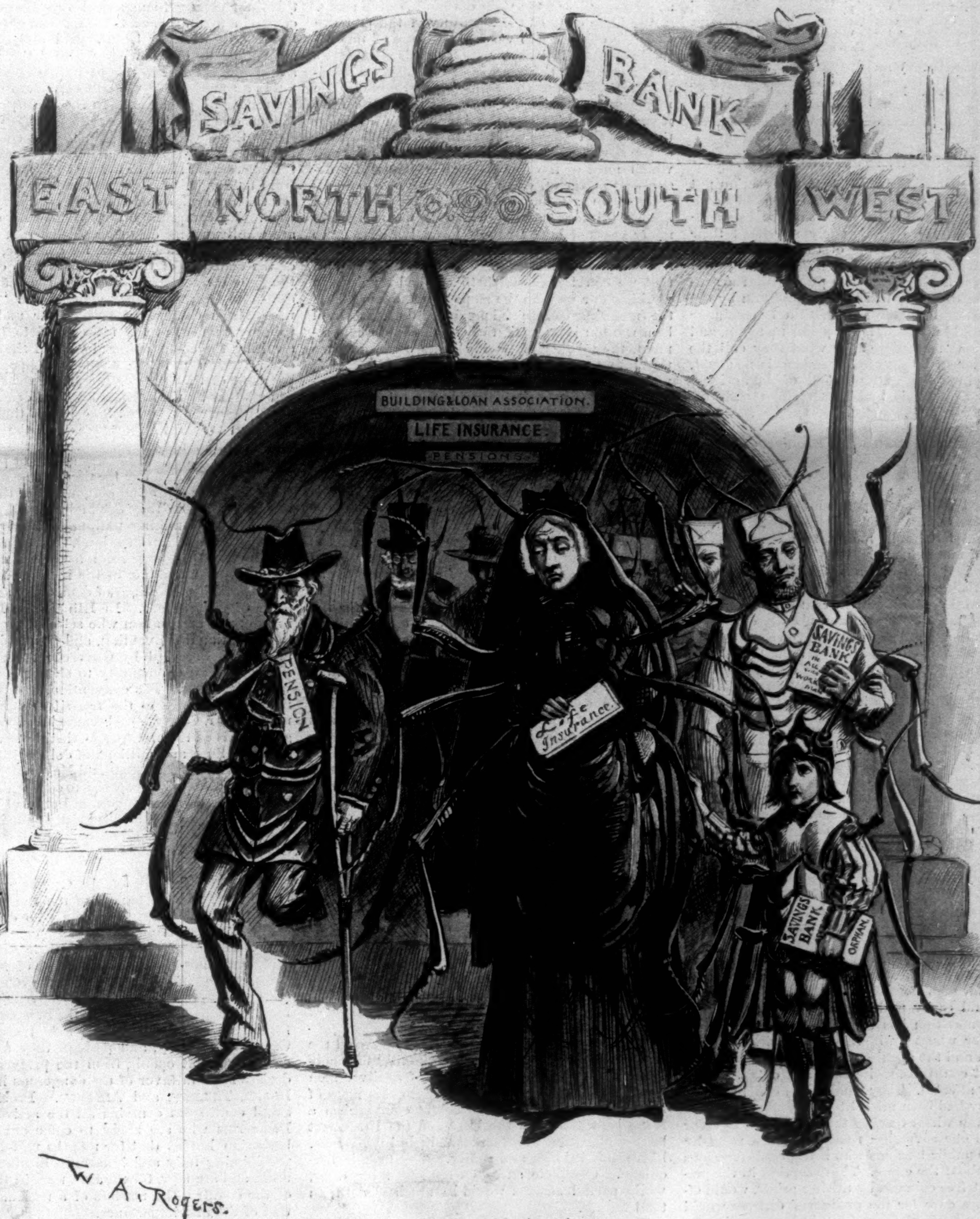
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TYPICAL GOLD-BUGS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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SOME POPULIST FALLACIES.

SINCE the Republican National Convention put forth its declaration in favor of the gold standard, Mr. TELLER and other leaders of the free-coinage movement have vociferously reiterated their old cry that all the people of the United States, excepting the Eastern "gold-bugs," have long been grievously suffering from low prices; that a general decline of prices has been brought on by the demonetization of silver, and that the free coinage of silver would unfailingly lift prices up again, and thus prove a "sure cure" for what they call the general distress. This sort of argument is, no doubt, especially intended for the people of the agricultural States, and has had much effect with the farmers of the South and West, and, in a less degree, also with those of the Middle States and the East. It cannot be denied that this effect has been helped by a genuine and widespread discontent with existing conditions. The prices of several agricultural staples, notably wheat and cotton, have indeed for several years been low, and the producer feels himself hard pressed. It is quite natural that he should look round for means to better his circumstances, and we have no occasion to be surprised if in this anxious search he occasionally falls into errors of judgment. But nothing could be more deplorable than that so many members of this most estimable and usually conservative class should radically misconceive the fundamental facts as to the causes of their trouble, as well as the direction in which the remedies are to be found, and that this misconception should be adhered to with a fanaticism almost impervious to argument.

But for this fanaticism it would be easily intelligible to them that, if the demonetization of silver were the ruling cause of the decline in the price of the agricultural staples, that cause would necessarily act upon all agricultural products alike; that it would at least affect corn and oats and lard as much as wheat, and that, if it does not, there must be some trouble with wheat other than the demonetization of silver. They would be duly impressed by the fact that while, according to official statistics, wheat sold at $1 21 in 1878, and at $0 61 in 1894—a very serious decline indeed—corn and oats showed at the same periods comparatively a slight improvement, and lard a larger one—silver being all the while as much demonetized for corn, oats, and lard as for wheat. If the minds of the free-coinage farmers were open to fact and reasoning, they would easily find that new and very formidable competition has been created in the world market for wheat by increased facilities of transportation and the opening of immense wheat-fields in distant countries, while corn and oats were not similarly affected. They would then conclude that since they had been misled by error as to the real cause of the wheat trouble, there may also be error as to the one sovereign remedy insisted upon by the same public teachers who had spread erroneous notions about the cause. The deception in the pretence that free coinage, by raising prices, would effect a sure cure for the producers' distress would certainly not escape them, for this deception is very obvious.

How would this cure operate? To be sure, if, in consequence of the establishment of free coinage, the price of wheat alone should rise, the prices of the commodities the farmer has to buy remaining meanwhile the same, it would be an exceedingly good thing for the producer of wheat. But if free coinage works at all in the way of raising prices, it must, of course, work equally with regard to all the things that are bought and sold. The wheat-grower at present complains that after he has bought what he needs for himself, his family, and his farm out of the proceeds of his wheat crop, there is nothing left to him, owing to the low price of wheat. But now, if free coinage raises not only the price of wheat, but also in the same measure the prices of the things which the farmer has to buy, will the wheat-grower, when at the end of the year he balances his accounts, find himself better off? Not in the slightest degree. He will therefore have to look to something else than free coinage for an improvement of his circumstances. This is, indeed, so simple a calculation that everybody whose mental vision is not obscured by the free-coinage distemper will accept it as correct. And the same rule applies to all other productive activities which at present suffer from want of remunerative profit.

We have exposed the absurdity of the pretence that free coinage will work a sure cure of unprofitable business in its application to this elementary case merely for the purpose of exhibiting a specimen fallacy of the free-coinage programme. We might go on through the whole list of its false promises to point out the inevitable conclusion that, if free coinage resulted in the establishment of the silver standard—which it surely would, and which most of the free-coinage leaders really desire—no power on earth could prevent a ruinous collapse in all our industrial, commercial, and financial interests, from which it would require many years of hard struggle to evolve once more a sound basis for a new development of prosperity; and the present free-coinage men would then find that we could accomplish this only by painfully working our way up the slope again, down which the free-coinage craze had precipitated us. It would be a wanton interruption of our national advancement, the turning of an indefinite period of time that might and should have been made fruitful of moral and material progress into a period of disastrous confusion, with no gain but an experience of immense cost, which the exercise of ordinary common-sense might have spared us.

It is, in fact, one of the most deplorable effects of the silver craze in the West and South that, by inciting people to seek the redress of their grievances in a course of insane adventure, it draws away their minds from a sober consideration of the means by which their interests could really be promoted—the study of the wants of the market, the use of more economic methods of production, and the cultivation of a general attitude calculated to attract that capital which the West and the South stand so much in need of for the development of their resources and opportunities. And we can hardly remember a time when so much money was lying idle, ready and eager to find investment, as there is now—a rich stream of which would pour into our West and South for employment in enterprises promoting the general prosperity were it not repelled by a popular movement which makes every investment look unsafe. Never were there more favorable opportunities lost. Never was there a greater injury inflicted upon those sections of our country—we might almost call it a crime committed against them—than is involved in that agitation which, while promising "more money" for business enterprise, actually to-day drives capital away from the land, and which, if it should be successful, would put us among the nations of the world in the position of a fraudulent bankrupt, to be carefully shunned by every investor.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE Democratic National Convention which is now meeting in Chicago is a heterogeneous collection of persons whose political opinions are as diverse and as hostile to one another as most of them are to the declarations of their party opponents. The worst elements of the party are in the ascendant. According to the reckoning of Democratic newspapers themselves, the free-silver men have a majority of nearly 250. Into this mass of ignorance, bigotry, and downright communism a few Democrats from the East and the Northwest have undertaken to infuse some little intelligence, liberal-mindedness, and sanity. The task is herculean. Complete success would be miraculous, while partial success would be much worse than total failure.

The men who rule this convention are the kind of men who have done their utmost to break the promise of the Democratic platform of 1892, and to hamper and ruin Mr. CLEVELAND'S second administration. The leaders in the Senate who prevented the passage of the WILSON tariff bill, in the interest of the Sugar Trust, have not taken an active part in the preliminary campaign; and at this writing it is understood that Senators GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH will not even be present at the convention. They have their own small interests in their own States to consider, and they cannot consent to imperil their chances of future preferment by offending either the gold men or the silver men. They cannot, even for once, and to repair the wrongs they have done their country and their party, prefer either their party or their country to themselves. But they have representatives and political kindred at Chicago, and besides these there are, in the motley convention, men who believe in free coinage of silver, others who are opposed to the honest payment of the public debt, some who are eager for a distribution of public moneys among the needy, and others still who hold that the jurisdiction of a local mob is never to be interfered with by Federal authorities. If the sound-money Democrats can succeed in illuminating such a crowd as this, in teaching them sound fundamental principles, in turning back the headstrong folly of a lifetime, in wresting from a wild and clamorous crew filled to overflowing with all the nonsense and madness that are taught by hare-brained agitators a sound platform and a candidate who shall guarantee its promises, then the victory will be a famous one indeed.

But there will be no gain to the country unless the victory is so complete that the majority of the convention shall be driven to join the seceders from St. Louis. A compromise will be a victory for the men who constitute the majority at Chicago. No compromise is possible with men who are wholly wrong on every subject that is of immediate importance. Here, for example, are some of the demands of the Democrats who controlled the State convention that elected the Indiana delegates to Chicago: They demand the "free and unrestricted coinage of both silver and gold as primary money, at the ratio of 16 to 1, without awaiting the co-operation of Great Britain or any other foreign power"; they are opposed to the payment of that part of the public debt which is represented by the various kinds of demand notes that the government has issued from time to time; they insist that, in the absence of the necessary revenues and the necessary funds, the President and Secretary of the Treasury shall not possess the power to borrow money for the purpose of meeting the constantly maturing obligations of the government; and while they demand that all these precautions for attaining national bankruptcy shall form part of the law of the land, they approve of the existing extravagant pension list, which constitutes one of the chief counts in the indictment that has been found by the critics of democracy against our form of government. In Illinois, the Democrats in the State convention who selected the delegates to the national convention, and framed its code of principles, were led by Governor ALTGELD, who never loses an opportunity to show his sympathy with anarchists. His convention, besides professing its adherence to the free-silver standard, denounced Mr. CLEVELAND because he suppressed the great railroad riot in Chicago, thereby saving thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property, when Governor ALTGELD and Mayor HOPKINS had demonstrated their incapacity to cope with the mob. Finally we have ex-Governor BOIES, of Iowa, the mildest mannered of all his kind, promising to prevent the collection of just debts by law until the depreciation of the currency makes fifty cents pay a borrowed dollar.

While the enemies of Mr. CLEVELAND control the convention, the friends of the cause that Mr. CLEVELAND represents, the men who did most to compel his nomination in 1892, are conspicuous by their absence. And yet it was their action alone that made the Democratic success of four years ago possible. A few of the Northwestern Democrats who were engaged in that movement, which, for a moment, seemed to raise the Democratic party from the low level to which it had sunk, are at Chicago, and they, and perhaps they alone, may desire to revolt openly from the party if it shall declare itself in favor of the dangerous heresies of BLAND, TILLMAN, and ALTGELD. Probably this small contingent contains all the active working Democrats who are ready to come out from the barbarian hordes that for months past have been proclaiming folly and ignorance in State conventions, and are now, for the first time in the history of the country, the masters of a national convention of the first importance.

We wish well to those who have undertaken to stem this tide of Populism. Every man who entertains an intelligent love of country will join us in wishing them well. It is best, however, that the political heretics of both parties should stand together and receive their condemnation together, and at once. Therefore, if the task of enlightenment is beyond the powers of the Democratic advocates of sound money and decent government, it is best that the Altgeld and Tillman convention shall be as wrong as it can be. At all events, no compromise can be made. The acceptance of any modification of the ruling Democracy of Indiana and Illinois would be fatal, and even such conciliation as Mr. Whitney's New York Democratic convention has offered cannot be entertained by men who are sincerely opposed to the madness that has ruled in most of the Democratic State conventions of this year. There can be no compromise and no association with total depravity.

SPAIN'S TROUBLE.

The correspondent of the London *Times* in Cuba is sending to his newspaper by far the most thorough and most convincing despatches concerning the insurrection that have been published. They are evidently fair, and show in every line that their writer is an investigator and not a partisan, a trait of character that more impressionable young correspondents would do well to imitate.

With all his inclination to fairness and impartiality, the *Times* correspondent condemns the Spanish conduct both of military operations and of civil affairs. He finds in the first place that the Spanish officers are incompetent, and are outclassed by Gomez, Maceo, and Garcia. He ridicules Weyler's Trocha as a weak and childish invention worthy of the Chinese. Writing under date of May 30, he says that the Cubans do not intend to make another important movement until the wet season is "further advanced and the evil effects of it are fully felt by the Spanish troops." In the provinces of Puerto Principe and Santiago the Spanish are confined to the towns, while the rebels have full command of the country districts.

As to outrages, he says, what we have long supposed to be true, that they are committed by both sides, and, like most cruelties, are purposeless and unrestrained. Cruelty is an almost inevitable companion of anger in the Spanish character. There has not been a war in this century in which Spanish or South American troops have been engaged which has not been marked and marred by instances of mediæval barbarism. To charge that Spain, or the Spanish Captain-General, however, is responsible for outrages committed by Spanish troops in distant provinces is to betray gross ignorance of modern Spanish public policy, and of the tendency of the Spanish troops to permit their passions to lead them into disobedience of orders and breaches of discipline. Spanish soldiers have killed many innocent persons in Cuba, but the Spanish Captain-General is keenly aware of international public sentiment on this subject, and has doubtless done his best to suppress murder.

Spain is now almost at the end of her resources. She has crowded the island with troops, and she has pledged for loans about all that she possesses in the nature of security. Her last pledge was of the revenues from her tobacco monopoly, for the purpose of increasing her naval power. Not only are her pecuniary resources failing, but her power to recuperate them by taxing Cuba is nearly gone. She has lost the country districts, and the destruction of the sugar plantations by the rebels has deprived her of much of her power to raise revenues in the island. The economic condition of the island is represented by the *Times* correspondent as pitiable. He says that the towns are crowded with refugees, and that as no food supplies are being raised in the island, food will have to be purchased from abroad. But the exportable products of the island for the remainder of this year will not amount to more than $13,000,000, not enough for the purchase of the needed supplies, and there are hardly any savings to be depended on. And yet in the face of this distress the Spanish authorities purpose to increase their revenues by raising customs charges, especially on breadstuffs. The situation is further shown to be of the most distressful by the authorization given to the Cuban Bank of Spain to issue $12,000,000 in notes—a first step towards inconvertible paper.

Meanwhile reconciliation, even through reforms of abuses, is growing more difficult, for the sympathies of nearly all the white Cubans are now enlisted on the side of the rebels. Spain is facing her last opportunity to save her hold of the island by peaceful intervention. It certainly seems unlikely that she can save it by war.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S ERRAND.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoll is a man who deserves the affectionate respect of every friend of humanity. His life has been beneficent, and if he had done nothing else than to protect the lives of seafarers by preventing the overloading of ships, he would have earned the gratitude of his generation. He is now in this country on a praiseworthy errand. He seeks to soften the feeling of enmity that is felt here towards Great Britain.

There seems to be an impression in Mr. Plimsoll's mind that the history books have instilled a feeling of dislike for England and Englishmen in the minds of American children. It would be better to say that the facts narrated in the history books used in our schools have created a presumption against England. It is the presumption that England is not friendly or just to this country, and it can be overcome in only one way. It ought not to be met by a change in our school-books, for to make such a change would involve the substitution of mendacious for truthful history books; for we assure Mr. Plimsoll that our school histories are, in the main, truthful. They recite the story of the struggle of the colonies against England for the rights of Englishmen. They tell the story of the winning of independence, and of the establishment of a constitutional republic. They narrate the wrongs upon American seamen which resulted in the war of 1812, and the unfriendliness of the English governing class to the Union during the war of secession.

Perhaps they do not take sufficient notice of the strong feeling of friendship for the United States that has been often manifested by some of the noblest minds of England, and especially by the great middle class and the working-men. Be that as it may, the facts of history cannot be changed, and the text-books of our schools cannot suppress the truth, even for the purpose of increasing international amity between the two great English-speaking peoples. But the presumption raised by these facts that England continues unfriendly to us can be easily overcome by Englishmen themselves. By becoming better neighbors on this continent, by adopting a courtesy in their clubs, their society, their press, and in their literature towards Americans and things American that will indicate a real desire for friendlier relations, Englishmen may overcome the presumption that now undoubtedly exists against them in many quarters, and that is not only based upon the well-known history of the earlier relations of the two countries, but that has been maintained by a hundred years of uncomfortable relations between this country and the English colony to our north, and by as many years of English bad manners. Some Americans are above resenting by expressions of wholesale hostility what Great Britain does at the dictation of her colony, or what English newspapers say about American manners, the American voice, American dishonesty, American politics, American sport, and American literature, just as Englishmen like Mr. Plimsoll love us despite the outbursts of anti-English feeling that are occasionally witnessed on this side of the water. We simply point out that the cause of the evil that Mr. Plimsoll would eliminate is not to be found in the United States.

THE CANADIAN ELECTION.

The general elections in the Dominion of Canada, which were held on the 23d ult., were the most momentous and hotly contested of any since confederation. The Liberals won by a plurality of forty-eight over their Conservative opponents, and a clear majority of twenty-six over the combined opposition party.

The two issues of the contest were tariff reform and the Manitoba school question. As we anticipated in a recent reference to the latter issue, the popular vote condemned the proposed coercion of Manitoba. Especially in Quebec, where Sir Charles Tupper and the Conservatives looked for an obedient response to the bishops' mandate, the French Canadians revolted in warm support of Mr. Laurier, who has gained forty-seven seats in a total of sixty-five in his native province. The result means the settlement of the question by a conciliatory policy, whose main hope is in the generosity of Manitoba.

Tariff reform won a signal triumph. This issue, though less exciting, was by far the more important, being intimately related to Canada's most urgent needs—increased wealth and population. In 1878 the Conservative party came into power on a protective policy. A thirty-five per cent. tariff was established, and for ten years or more the system seemed to justify itself, though before the expiration of that time there were signs of failure. The expenditure of large sums of borrowed money upon public works, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the land booms resulting from it, created a prosperity which was largely fictitious, and with which the protective tariff, the so-called "National Policy," was credited. But the census of 1891 revealed a dishearteningly small increase of population, and the agricultural, mining, and shipping interests had so declined that the public mind was compelled to connect the operation of the tariff with the slow national growth and dull times. Since the census, faith in the National Policy has declined, and tariff reform became increasingly the hope of cure for industrial depression.

Between 1887 and 1891 the Liberal party, though advocating tariff reform, merged its general idea in a plan for unrestricted reciprocity or commercial union with the United States. Full admission to the American market was declared to be more desirable than any other commercial advantage; and the exclusion of British and other foreign goods by protection would, it was alleged, be more than compensated for by the immense development of Canadian industry. But political and patriotic considerations were brought forward to counteract the industrial. The Conservatives raised the cry of discrimination against Great Britain, and appealed to the loyalty of the Canadians against a scheme which could not be otherwise than fatal to Canadian nationality.

Seeing the futility of continuing the struggle on these lines, the Liberals changed their policy, and in 1892 formulated the platform of a revenue tariff based on the requirements of the public service, and looking to a considerable reduction of the duties upon the raw material of manufactures. On this platform they have just won. Judging from the utterances of Canadian public men and leading journals, the new tariff will average about twenty per cent. on dutiable imports. It has, however, been expressly promised by the Liberal leaders that the first tariff reductions will be gradual and moderate, and that due notice of them will be given.

SETTLEMENTS IN FOREIGN TRADE.

The basis of all commerce is barter. Commodity is exchanged for commodity, and the operation results in a gain to each party to the exchange, as without this double profit the exchange would not be made without force or fraud. It is for convenience only that the commercial dealings of the United States with other countries are expressed in money. None the less the coffee of Brazil is exchanged for our flour and cotton goods, and the manufactures of England are given for our breadstuffs and raw cotton. Modern commerce appears so intricate in its relations that the simplicity of the practice of trade is obscured, and out of this obscurity many fallacies are derived. Because the exports are not exactly equal in value to the imports, many see a gain or a loss which has no existence.

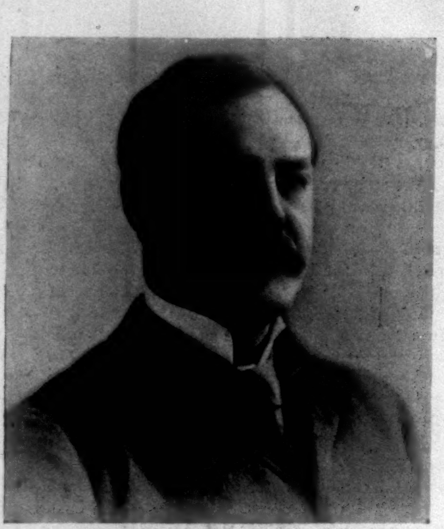
Merchandise constitutes one factor in the transaction, but only one. If the returns of the foreign commerce of England be examined for a series of years, it will be seen that the value of the imports greatly exceeded that of the exports. On the other hand, the exports from the United States exceeded in value the imports into the United States. This points out an element which must be accounted for, yet is incapable of being measured. A bale of cotton, a ton of coal, or a bushel of wheat is a tangible object, and has a definite market value. The commercial movement of such commodities is accurately recorded, and in the aggregate makes up the foreign trade in merchandise. But England has loaned immense sums of capital throughout the world (estimated to be $10,000,000,000), and must receive the annual interest on those loans. She is the creditor of the world, and naturally her debtors pay what they owe in what is most conveniently obtained—products of domestic mines, agriculture, or manufactures—and remit in that form the interest charge or part of the principal.

On the other hand, the United States is a debtor nation, and owes a large sum of foreign capital, borrowed to construct canals, railroads, and even highways; to build and equip factories; or invested by the foreigner because he can obtain a higher return or profit than if he had invested it in Europe. This capital sum engaged in undertakings in this country is estimated to be more than $2,500,000,000—a sum greater than the national debt at the end of the war. Not only must the interest and dividends on this capital be remitted each year, but the American traveller abroad must be supported in his expenditures. As seven-eighths of the carrying trade by ocean is in foreign ships, the freight on merchandise constitutes a third important item to be covered. The exports must, therefore, exceed the imports in value each year, and the trade returns show this excess to have been nearly $100,000,000 a year in the last twenty-five years.

To many this would appear to be a losing trade for us, as greater value is sent out than is brought in, and this condition must in the end mean ruin. Others say that the larger the excess of exports the greater will be the prosperity of the country, as a balance remains to be settled in gold or silver or other valuable consideration. Both are in part right, but in greater part wrong. The fact that so much foreign capital has sought investment in the United States is in itself at once the expression of a need for capital in this country and of a productive ability that will return profit on adventures. That the foreigner will lend is proof of our credit, and of the higher rate of return on investments than can be obtained elsewhere. Unless the venture was profitable, and unless there was confidence in the wish and ability of the borrower to repay, there would have been no such foreign debt created, and the material development of the country would have been retarded. The excess of exports, therefore, represents the price paid for these foreign loans—a price lower than is paid by any other country or people on the American continent—and should be to that extent a matter of pride. It is a legitimate excess, as it is in return for a valuable service rendered, and, when paid in merchandise, merely proves that merchandise is the easiest means of payment.

This explains why the United States can continue to import great values from countries to which small values are immediately returned. From Cuba there was imported in 1895 merchandise worth nearly $53,000,000, yet the exports to that island were in value only one-fourth that sum. The disproportion between imports and exports in the trade with Brazil and with Japan was even greater, the exports apparently paying for less than one-fifth of the imports. Yet these conditions have existed for many years, and so far from being regarded as ruinous (for they ought to drain away gold in payment for the excess of imports), they have steadily been aggravated. The cause of this is that in the entire foreign trade of the United States, taken for a series of years, the exports must pay for the imports, whether the settlement be made in gold or merchandise or securities, the representatives of profitable enterprise. The excess of imports from the countries named is made good by the excess of exports to other countries. From the United Kingdom was imported in 1895 merchandise worth $159,000,000, and the exports were more than two and a half times that sum. Thus a merchant of the United States will settle his debt due in Japan or Brazil by drawing upon London, and the bill of exchange pays the debt as effectually as would an export of gold to those creditor countries. In discussing questions of foreign trade this is an essential point to be remembered: that no country stands alone in its transactions, and the trade of the world in the long-run settles itself in profitable lines, unless interfered with by misdirected legislation or by war and conquest.

J. C. McNEILL.
Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City, Missouri. Treasurer National Educational Association, 1896.



NEWTON C. DOUGHERTY.
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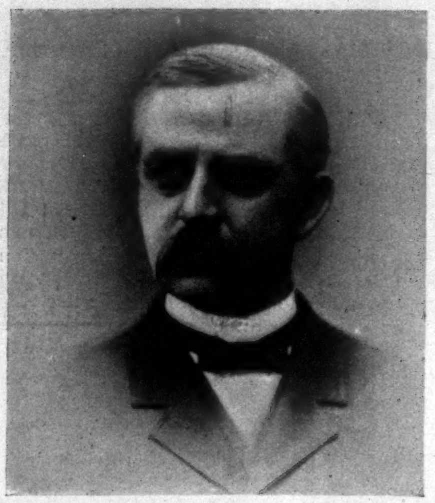

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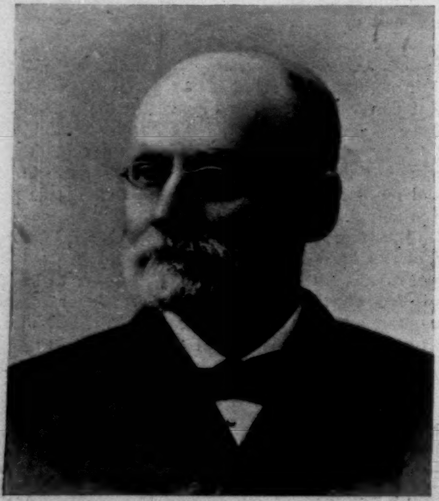

WILLIAM T. HARRIS.
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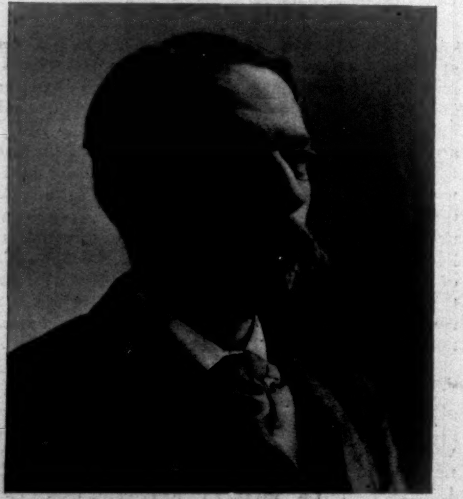

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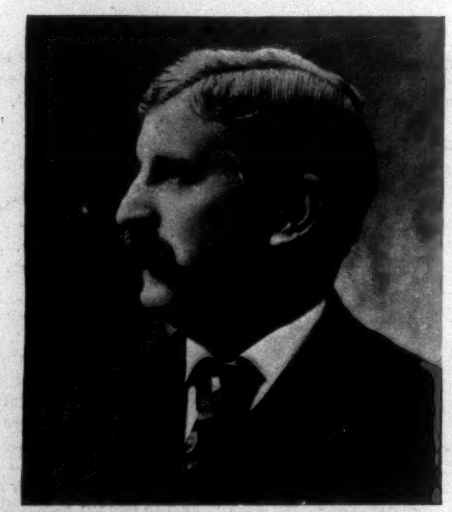
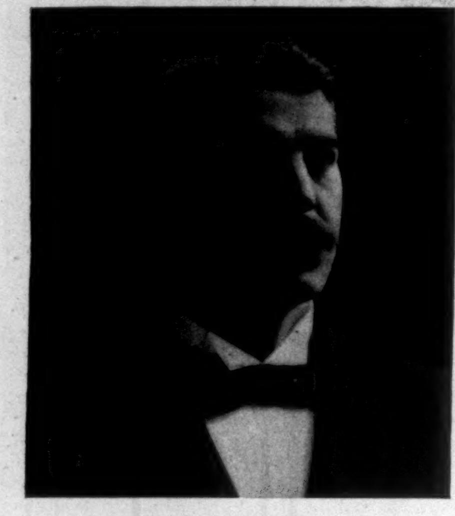


CHARLES R. SKINNER.
State Superintendent Public Instruction. Director of the National Educational Association for New York State, 1896. Albany, N. Y.

HENRY P. EMERSON.
Superintendent of Education. Chairman of Local Executive Committee of National Educational Association. Buffalo, N. Y.



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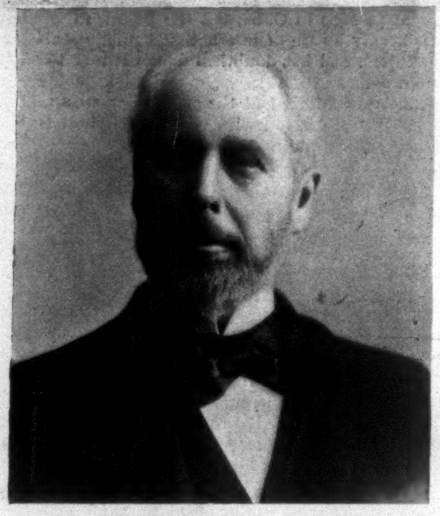
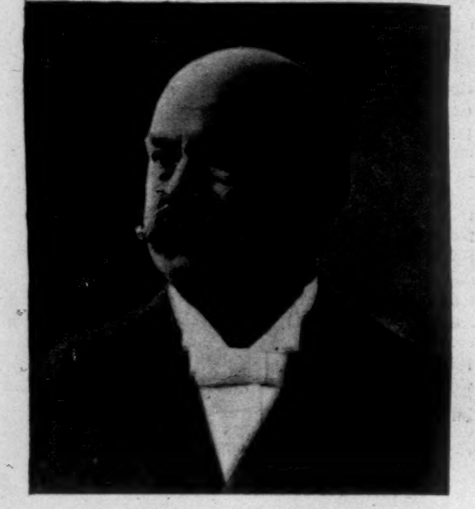
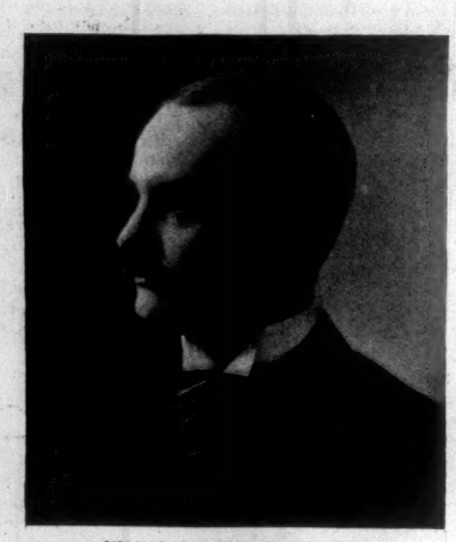


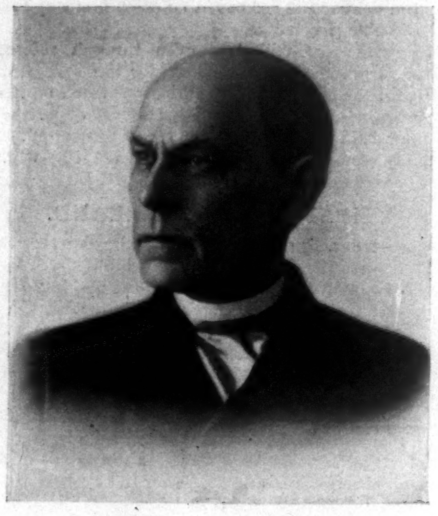
HORACE S. TARBELL.
Superintendent of Schools, Providence, Rhode Island. Chairman of the Trustees of the National Educational Association, 1896.



FRANCIS W. PARKER.
Principal of the Chicago and Cook County Normal School, Englewood, Illinois.



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.
Dean of the School of Philosophy, Columbia University.



BISHOP J. L. SPALDING.
Peoria, Illinois.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

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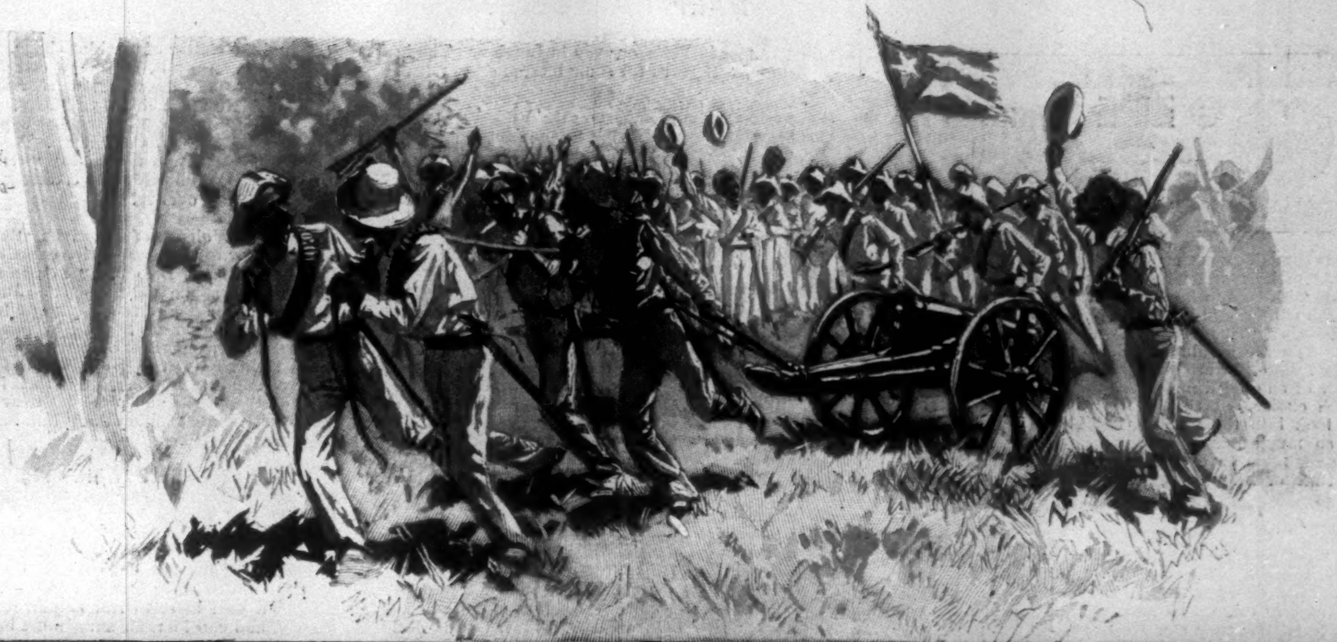

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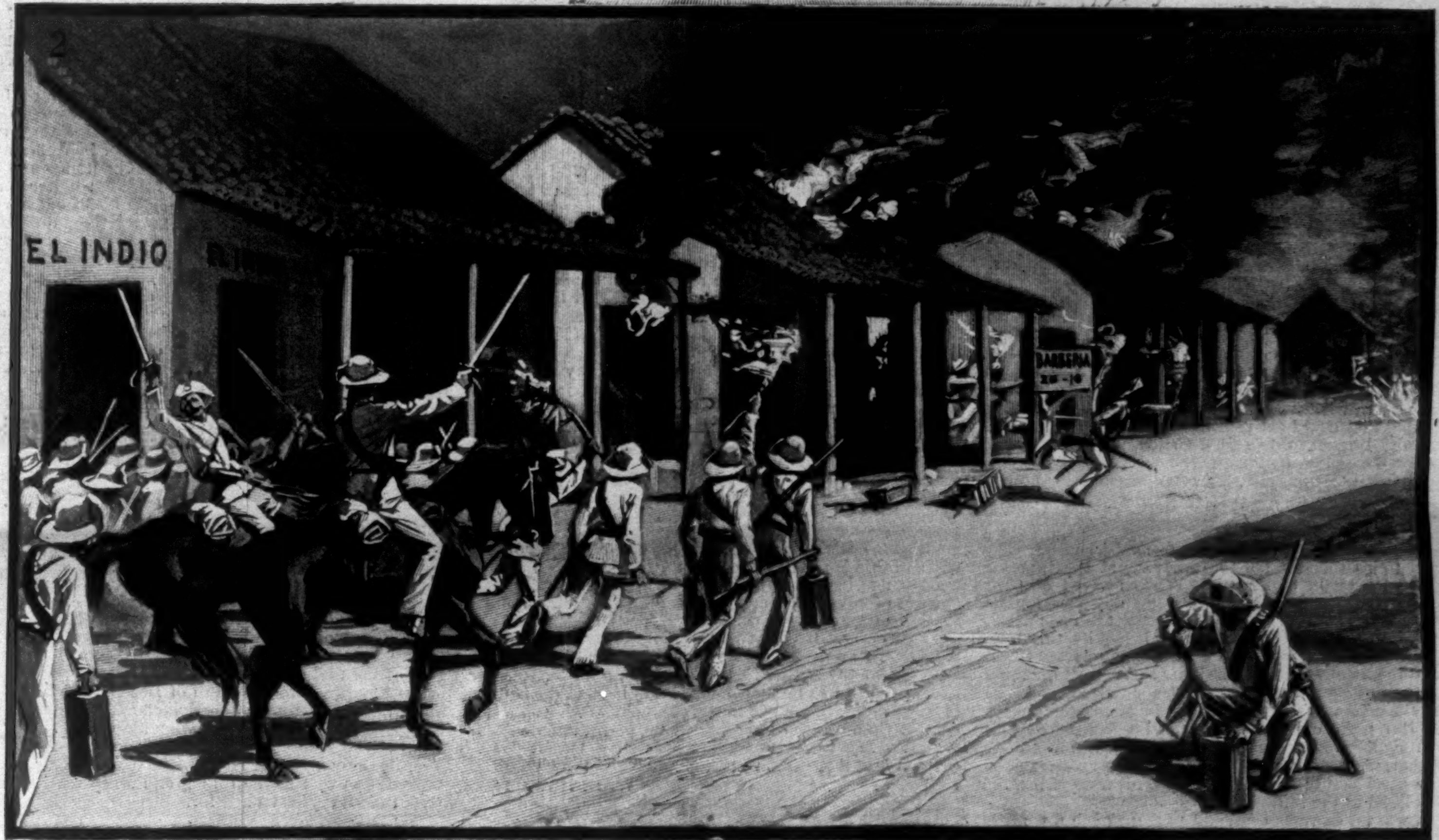

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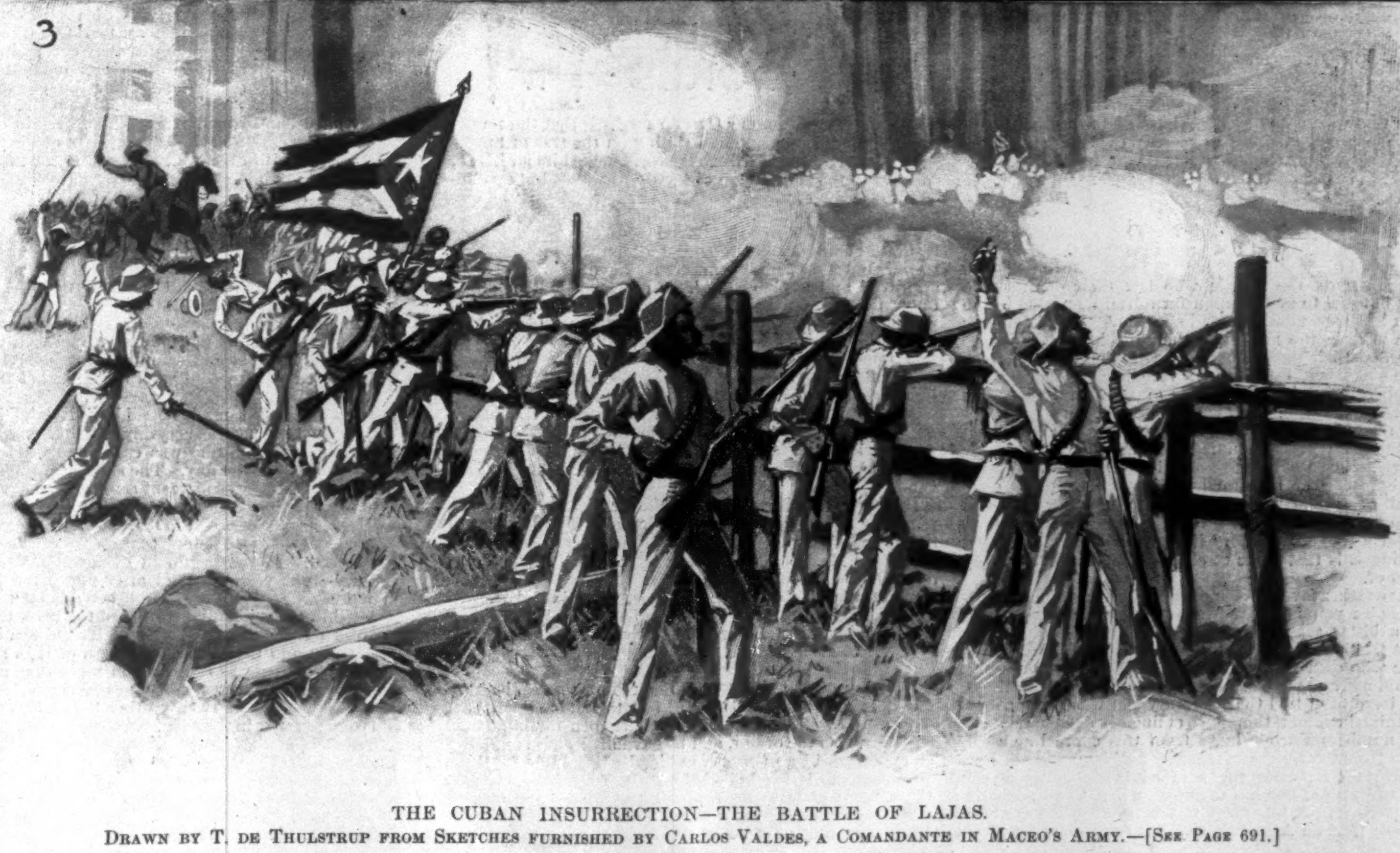


THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—THE BATTLE OF LAJAS.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches furnished by Carlos Valdes, a Comandante in Maceo's Army.—[See Page 691.]

1. Insurgents capturing a Spanish Cannon. 2. Insurgents burning the Village of Consolación del Sur. 3. Antonio Maceo's Forces sustaining an Attack of the Spanish Column commanded by General Suárez Valdés.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT has sometimes seemed to me that the solution of the problem how and where to spend the summer was simplest with those who were obliged to spend it as they spent the winter, and increasingly difficult in the proportion of one's ability to spend it wherever and however one chose. Few are absolutely released to this choice, however, and those few are greatly to be pitied. I know that they are often envied and hated for it by those who have no such choice, but that is a pathetic mistake. If we could look into their hearts, indeed, we should witness there so much misery that we should wish rather to weep over them than to reproach them with their better fortune, or what appeared so.

I.

For most people choice is a curse, and it is this curse that the summer brings upon great numbers who would not perhaps otherwise be afflicted. They are not in the happy case of those who must stay at home; their hard necessity is that they can go away, and try to be more agreeably placed somewhere else; but although I say they are in great numbers, they are an infinitesimal minority of the whole bulk of our population. Their bane is not, in its highest form, that of the average American who has no choice of the kind; and when one begins to speak of the summer problem, one must begin at once to distinguish. It is the problem of the East rather than of the West, (where people are much more in the habit of staying at home the year round,) and it is the problem of the city and not of the country. I am not sure that there is one practical farmer in the whole United States who is obliged to witness in his household those sad dissensions which almost separate the families of professional men as to where and how they shall pass the summer. People of this class, which is a class with some measure of money, ease and taste, are commonly of varying and decided minds, and I once knew a family of the sort whose combined ideal for their summer outing was summed up in the simple desire for society and solitude, mountain air and sea-bathing. They spent the whole months of April, May, and June in a futile enquiry for a resort uniting these attractions, and on the first of July they drove to the station with no definite point in view. But they found that they could get return tickets for a certain place on an inland lake at a low figure, and they took the first train for it. There they decided next morning to push on to the mountains, and sent their baggage to the station, but before it was checked, they changed their minds, and remained two weeks where they were. Then they took train for a place on the coast, but in the cars a friend told them they ought to go to another place; they decided to go there, but before arriving at the junction they decided again to keep on. They arrived at their original destination, and the following day telegraphed for rooms at a hotel farther down the coast. The answer came that there were no rooms, and being by this time ready to start, they started, and in due time reported themselves at the hotel. The landlord saw that something must be done, and he got them rooms, at a smaller house, and *mealed* them (as it used to be called at Mt. Desert) in his own. But upon experiment of the fare at the smaller house they liked it so well that they resolved to live there altogether, and they spent a summer of the greatest comfort there, so that they would hardly come away when the house closed in the fall.

This was an extreme case, and perhaps such a venture might not always turn out so happily; but I think that people might oftener trust themselves to Providence in these matters than they do. There is really an infinite variety of pleasant resorts of all kinds now, and one could quite safely leave it to the man in the ticket-office where one should go, and check one's baggage accordingly. I think the chances of an agreeable summer would be as good in that way as in making a hard and fast choice of a certain place and sticking to it. My own experience is that in these things chance makes a very good choice for one, as it does in most non-moral things.

II.

A joke dies hard, and I am not sure that the life is yet quite out of the kindly ridicule that was cast for a whole generation upon the people who left their comfortable houses in town to starve upon farm-board, or stifle in the narrow rooms of mountain and sea-side hotels. Yet such people were in the right, and their mockers were in the wrong, and their patient persistence in going out of town for the summer in the face of severe discouragements has multiplied indefinitely the kinds of summer resorts, and reformed them altogether. I believe the city boarding-house remains very much what it used to be; but I am bound to say that the country boarding-house has vastly improved since I began to know it. As for the summer hotel, by steep or by strand, it leaves little to be complained of except the prices. I take it for granted, therefore, that the out-of-town summer has come to stay, for all who can afford it, and that the chief sorrow attending it is that curse of choice, which I have already spoken of.

I have rather favored chance than choice, because, whatever choice you make, you are pretty sure to regret it, with a bitter sense of responsibility added, which you cannot feel if chance has chosen for you. I observe that people who own summer cottages are often apt to wish they did not, and were foot-loose to roam where they listed, and I have been told that even a yacht was not a source of unmixed content, though so eminently detachable. To great numbers Europe looks from this shore like a safe refuge from the American summer problem; and yet I am not sure that it is altogether so; for it is not enough merely to go to Europe; one has to choose where to go when one has got there. A European city is certainly always more tolerable than an American city, but one cannot very well pass the summer in Paris, or even in London. The heart there, as here, will yearn for some blessed seat

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor even wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,"

and still, after your keel touches the strand of that alluring old world, you must buy your ticket and register your trunk for somewhere in particular.

III.

It is truly a terrible stress, this summer problem, and as I say my heart aches much more for those who have to solve it, and suffer the consequences of their choice, than for those who have no choice, but must stay the summer through where their work is, and be humbly glad that they have any work to keep them there. I am not meaning now, of course, business men obliged to remain in the city to earn the bread, or, more correctly, the cake of their families in the country, or even their clerks and bookkeepers, and porters and messengers, but such people as I sometimes catch sight of, from the elevated trains, (in my reluctant midsummer flights through the city,) sweltering in upper rooms over sewing-machines or lap-boards, or stewing in the breathless tenement streets, or driving clangorous trucks, or monotonous cars, or bending over wash-tubs at open windows for breaths of the no-air without.

These all get along somehow, and at the end of the summer they have not to accuse themselves of folly in going to one place rather than another. Their fate is decided for them, and they submit to it; whereas those who decide their fate are always rebelling against it. They it is whom I am truly sorry for, and whom I write of with tears in my ink. Their case is hard, and it will seem all the harder if we consider how foolish they will look and how flat they will feel at the judgment day, when they are asked about their summer outings. I do not really suppose we shall be held to a very strict account for our pleasures because everybody else has not enjoyed them too; that would be a pity of our lives; and yet there is an old-fashioned compunction which will sometimes visit the heart if we take our pleasures ungraciously, when so many have no pleasures to take. I would suggest, then, to those on whom the curse of choice between pleasures rests, that they should keep in mind those who have chiefly pains to their portion in life. By the time this meets the reader's eye, he or she will have made his or her choice for the season, and will be in the full enjoyment or sufferance of the penalty; but perhaps they might do something to lighten this if they thought a little of different fortunes.

I am not, I hope, urging my readers to any active benevolence, or counselling them to share their pleasures with others; it has been accurately ascertained that there are not pleasures enough to go round, as things now are; but I would seriously entreat them to consider whether they could not somewhat alleviate the hardships of their own lot at the sea-side or among the mountains, by contrasting it with the lot of others, in the sweat-shops and the boiler-factories of life I know very well that it is no longer considered very good sense or very good morality to take comfort in one's advantages from the disadvantages of others, and this is not quite what I mean to teach. Perhaps I mean nothing more than an overhauling of the whole subject of advantages and disadvantages, which would be a light and agreeable occupation for the leisure of the summer outer. It might be very interesting, and possibly it might be amusing for one stretched upon the beach or swaying in the hammock to inquire into the reasons for his or her being so favored, and it is not beyond the bounds of expectation that a consensus of summer opinion on this subject would go far to enlighten the world upon a question that has vexed the world ever since mankind was divided into those who work too much and those who rest too much.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE most conspicuous bit of new fruit that the recent Commencement season left hanging on the tree of knowledge is Dr. Nelson A. Miles. Harvard made him an LL.D., possibly to the amusement of some on-lookers, but certainly to the enthusiastic approval of her sons present at Commencement. A correspondent from Lexington writes to the Boston *Transcript* in grieved complaint not only that Harvard should so have honored a man whose profession is war, but that her action should have been so greatly approved and applauded. This correspondent ought to know that though the General is indeed of the military profession, his business is to keep the peace. He is as far as possible from being a fire-eater, and very possibly it was remembered at Harvard that when the Venezuela matter flared up last winter he expressed himself as clearly as became the head of the army in favor of a peaceful settlement. The latest number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* contained a paper from General Miles on the war services of the late General F. C. Barlow, describing particularly his famous charge at the salient at Spottsylvania.

Harvard made Mr. Aldrich a Master of Arts, as a gentle reminder to him, perhaps, to bestir himself and gather in new crops of laurels. The same honorary degree she conferred on Mr. Booker T. Washington, the good and eloquent negro educator.

Yale, in her distribution of honors, was mindful of New York. Justice Peckham heads the list of her learned doctors, and Mr. John Lafarge now, by her invitation, adds "M.A." to his signature.

Scrutiny of the reports of the recent proceedings on Phi Beta Kappa day at Harvard fails to yield any traces of a poet. George S. Morrison, of Chicago, a distinguished engineer, was the orator, and he gave his learned audience an engineer's idea of what a university should do for those who come to it for knowledge. A university, he told them, must prepare its students to give up the idea of study for the intellectual delight it affords, and, instead, to study that they may be of use amid the roar of rolling-mills and the clatter of machine-shops. That was the engineer's notion of it, and very dreadful it must have seemed to some of the venerable scholars to whom it was disclosed. No poem, and a practical address by a competent man of affairs! That is what happened this year to the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge. There is no suggestion that the meeting was not highly satisfactory and agreeable, but what a blinking and creaking of traditions there must have been over it!

Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, seems to take a hopeful view of the transmarine expedition of the Ancient and Honorables of Boston. "You do not go forth to imperil your lives," he said to them, on June 29, as he handed them the white flag of the Bay State to carry with them on their trip. British hospitality has its perils, yet no doubt a large proportion of the Boston Ancients will live to get home. What helps this belief is the fact that a hundred and fifty of the ladies of their families sailed with them on the *Servia*, and also that their colonel intends to enforce moderate military discipline in his command during the entire trip.

In the *Critic* for June 27, Mr. W. I. Fletcher, of Amherst, says some daring things about the Boston Public Library. He says that Boston voted $450,000 for a new library; raised the sum unwillingly to $1,000,000, and finally got a work of art at a cost of $2,000,000. He does not discuss the merits of the new building as a work of art, but he does find much amiss in it as a library. It costs, he says, $30,000 a year more to run it than it did to run the old library, and considerable sums must be spent to alter and extend it. He declares, too, that for half of what it cost a building could have been erected entirely suitable to the use intended, with an equal book capacity, much larger provision for readers, "and with as much architectural style and decoration as could well be asked."

Mr. Fletcher's criticisms are interesting. In so far as the library fails to fit its proper uses it is, of course, defective. But when its projectors are told that they could have built a more convenient library for half the money they will laugh. Of course they could. It has not been pretended that Boston went to a bargain-counter for her library. A very fine library fit to hold books and for people to read in could be well built for a million dollars, but in Boston's two-million-dollar library people don't have to read. They just go in and sit down and look about and let culture run into them. All the same, any sort of intelligent criticism of the Boston library will gain attention just now in New York, where the discussion of the expediency of carting away the Bryant Park reservoir draws to its close, and the possession of an ideal site for the great New York library has become only a question of time.

The report that the University Club has bought two more lots on Fifty-fourth Street and means to build a ladies' annex on them is easily credible. It is a graceful, expedient, and contemporaneous thing for such a club to do, and marks the growing development of the uses of clubs, as well as the increasing appreciation of the social value of women. There may have obtained in some past period a notion that a club was a lair to which men could conveniently escape from their wives. If so, that idea has evaporated, and given place to a sentiment of wide prevalence that a club which exists solely for the convenience of men is a defective institution, and that the payment of club dues by married men ought to enure in some degree to the advantage of their wives and daughters. One of the first of American clubs to make provision for ladies was the Somerset Club of Boston, which is widely known as one of the best conducted and pleasantest clubs in the world. The first considerable club in New York to follow its example was the Metropolitan. Report says that the annex of the new University Club will have a ballroom as well as the dining and reception rooms that would naturally be looked for.

Mr. Hammerstein, of the Olympia, has the warm sympathy of the public in his contest with the ticket speculators. No doubt the speculators feel that they must live, and are entitled to a living if they can make it, but the public is not likely to admit either contention. It does not recognize the necessity for the existence of ticket speculators, nor their title to make a living in the way they have chosen, and if Mr. Hammerstein can prevent their intervention in the management of his show he will endear himself in no small measure to the metropolitan show-going public.

The fact that Lord Dunraven is in charge of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill in the House of Lords will not affect the sentiments of Americans toward that measure. It concerns about the only detail in which the British conception of domestic morals differs from that held in the more civilized parts of the United States. The average American, as nowadays the average Britisher, cannot see any good reason, earthly or celestial, why a man who has a deceased wife's sister and wants to marry her shouldn't do so, provided she is willing and unmarried at the time.

There is little that need be said of Harriet Beecher Stowe, for the reason that everything about her is familiar to American readers. She was easily the most famous American woman of her day. The story of a phenomenal literary success is always pleasant reading, and never lacks narrators or listeners, and every one knows that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has far excelled in its renown, in its sales, and in its influence any other story that an American novelist has produced. It was begun in 1850, when Mrs. Stowe was thirty-eight years old, and after appearing in serial form in the *National Era*, was published as a book in 1852. It is stated in the centennial edition of the book that 300,000 copies were sold in the year of its publication, and several years ago the total distribution of it in all countries and languages was estimated at more than a million copies. During thirty years, between 1856 and 1886, Mrs. Stowe published about twenty other books, almost all of which were popular in their day, the most noted of them being *Dred* and *Old Town Folks*. None of them, however, are of high rank as literature, or are familiar to the younger generation of readers. *Uncle Tom* was a book with a purpose wrung, rather than written, out of its author's heart. It dealt with a question that was uppermost in the minds of Americans, and of the liveliest interest to educated people in all countries. It was the outlet through which the strong preaching instinct of the ablest woman among the teaching, preaching Beechers found its vent. Mrs. Stowe's long life was very happy. She was born June 14, 1812, and for nearly half a century enjoyed the fruits of fame and eminent success. From 1852 to 1864 she lived at Andover, where her husband was professor in the seminary, and since 1864 her home has been at Hartford. Even during the last years of her life, when her mind was clouded, she retained her capacity for enjoyment, and her physical health.

The death of Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orléans, Duke of Nemours, removes from the scene of history the second son of Louis Philippe. The Duke, born in October, 1814, died at Versailles on the 25th of June. Educated at the Collége Henri IV., he was given when a child, by Charles X., the Colonelcy of the Chasseurs de Cheval. When his father, in 1830, was chosen King of the French, the young Duke, who was then sixteen, made his entry into Paris at the head of his regiment. When Belgium wanted a ruler the young Duke might have assumed that position, but his father declined the honor for his son. Somewhat later the crown of Greece was offered the Duke of Nemours, but that was less to Louis Philippe's liking. De Nemours was an intelligent officer, and served with distinction in the Belgian and Algerian campaigns. When his elder and far cleverer brother, Ferdinand Philippe, was killed by a runaway at Neuilly (1842), de Nemours became heir presumptive, and the Chamber of Deputies favored the idea of making him Regent in the event of his father's death. With the revolution of 1848, and the expulsion of the Orleans family, the Duke went to England, where he remained until the collapse of the empire. In 1840 he married the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Returning to France, de Nemours played an unimportant part in monarchical agitations, and his name was but rarely associated with them. Those who knew him best describe him as a quiet, retiring, and rather taciturn man, retaining the soldierlike traits of his early life.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

In Lord Russell and Sir Frank Lockwood, who sail for the States on August 8, to attend the meeting of the Bar Association, at Saratoga, America will see two of the finest types of English lawyers. Lord Russell succeeded the late Lord Coleridge as Chief Justice of England nearly two years ago, and during that time has shown himself one of the most dignified, impartial, and learned judges that ever sat on the bench—a curious contrast to his predecessor. In his day he was a brilliant advocate, and has held a brief on pretty nearly every important case during the last twenty years. At one time his annual professional income must have amounted to at least $150,000. His most famous performance was his defence of Parnell before the Parnell Commission, when he made a speech that lasted three consecutive days—"a great speech, worthy of a great occasion," as Lord Denman wrote on a slip of paper which he handed down from the bench. He has been a warm Gladstonian all his life, and has held every legal office of any importance under the crown. He would have been Lord Chancellor were it not that his religion—he is a Roman Catholic—debarred him from being "the keeper of the Queen's conscience," one of the duties of that highest of high functionaries. Lord Russell is—or rather Sir Charles Russell was—a keen sportsman, and used often to spend his vacations at Monte Carlo, where, however, his success at the board was by no means so emphatic as his triumphs at the bar.

Sir Frank Lockwood is a stout, open-faced, comfortable-looking man, with a perpetual twinkle in his eye. He is the wit of the English courts and an immense after-dinner speaker. Breach of promise cases are his specialties, and he rarely loses. No man can put a jury in a better humor with themselves. He is a great admirer of Dickens, and is always ready to give a lecture on him. As a politician he has not been a great success, though he has held both the Attorney and the Solicitor Generalships. His chief pleasure in the House is spinning yarns in the smoking-room. Otherwise he fills up his time by sketching his fellow-members—he is a first-rate draughtsman—and amusing the Front Bench by passing round his productions. He is a capital fellow, and will enjoy himself and be enjoyed immensely in America. S. B.

There have been two great art sales recently—one, that of the collection of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, consisting of valuable furniture and bric-à-brac as well as pictures; the other, that of the Clifden Romneys. Among the pictures sold was the great Romney, representing Carline, Viscountess Clifden, and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, as the Muses of Painting and Music. This picture was painted for the fourth Duke of Marlborough, and was presented by him to Lord Clifden. It is certainly one of the finest Romneys in existence, and is in perfect preservation. The extraordinary price of 10,500 guineas (over $55,000) was reached. There are only two instances in which this price has been exceeded in this country—once, in 1894, by the portrait of Lady Betty Delmé, by Reynolds, which sold for 11,000 guineas; and again by Raphael's "Crucifixion" (an inferior though interesting early picture by the master, now in the possession of Mr. Ludwig Mond here) for which 10,600 guineas was paid. There is no doubt an element of fashion in the highest, lasting art, as in the petty and ephemeral art of dress. Romneys are now greatly in vogue.

The sale, by-the-way, took place at Messrs. Robinson & Fischer's, and not, as has always been the case with the auctions of great collections, at Messrs. Christal, Manson, & Co.'s. This latter firm had established quite a monopoly in this line of business, and it is no doubt a blessing to buyers and sellers to introduce fair competition into this "grand" industry.

The uncertainty of the game of cricket has again been illustrated in a striking—nay, a startling—manner by the defeat of the invincible Australian team at the hands of a select eleven of the Marylebone Club here. With a good dry wicket bowlers have of late seemed powerless, and unheard-of scores have been made by batsmen. It was even thought that some alterations of rules would have to be introduced to make the game more interesting. But the last two days showed the power of the best bowlers on a wet or tricky wicket. With the score at 208 for the home team in the first innings, the Australians were all out for eighteen runs, Pougher, the bowler, dismissing eight successive batsmen for no runs. In the second innings the Australians were dismissed for 183, all the wickets being won by the bowler Hearne. G. S.

CHICAGO.

Mr. Salmonson, the marriage-license clerk of the Cook County Court, has probably had as large an experience as any man living of one peculiarly interesting phase of human nature. Year after year all sorts of people have been coming to him, armed with all sorts of reasons for making the matrimonial venture, to get the necessary legal authorization. He reported the other day that an even quarter of a million marriage licenses had been issued from his office since the county records started over again after the great fire of 1871. In other words, half a million people of a single county have, during the past quarter-century, determined to find out for themselves whether marriage is a failure or not. We must make some deductions for those who have not been satisfied with a single experiment, but their number is more than offset by the number of those who have evaded the formality of a license by taking a short trip into Wisconsin, where no such document is demanded, and where accommodating clergy are to be found in every village. The popular excursion steamers that all summer long daily make the round trip between Chicago and Milwaukee are the chief agencies in this diversion of the marriage industry from Illinois to Wisconsin.

Chicago has been in trouble about its population of late, but the clouds seem to be clearing away. A biennial census is taken for school purposes, and this year, although the official figures have not yet been announced, enough of the report recently leaked out to indicate that the showing would be but slightly in excess of that made in 1894. It was not expected that the growth in population that took place between 1892 and 1894 (the World's Fair period) would be matched, but it was reasonable to think that the city had grown at its normal rate, and there was much disappointment at the report that its growth had been checked. Since this report, however, figures of a more gratifying sort have been received from two other sources. The makers of the city directory, working upon a plan that has been tested by the experience of many years, have announced the normal rate of increase over last year, while Postmaster Hesing recently concluded to have a census of his own, and set his letter-carriers to work at it. Both the directory estimate and the post-office estimate indicate the usual rate of increase, and are in remarkable agreement as to their results. In both cases the population is estimated at one and three-quarter millions, which, there is little reason to doubt, is substantially accurate. Should the final figures of the school census make a poorer showing, they will be discredited, both by the two other estimates, and by the unquestioned fact that the number of children in attendance upon the public schools has increased sufficiently to justify the reports made by the post-office and the directory-makers.

Mention was made in these columns a few weeks ago of the indictment, by the grand jury of Champaign County, Illinois, of the State University trustees for their alleged violation of the "flag law" of Illinois. The case was called the other day, and, as everybody expected, the indictment was quashed. What makes the proceeding particularly interesting is the opinion of Judge Wright of the Circuit Court, who held the law in question to be unconstitutional. The substance of the opinion is found in the following passage: "The Legislature has power under certain limitations to define what is and what is not a misdemeanor, what is and what is not a crime; but in doing so it must have for its object some sovereign purpose. It must have for its object either the maintenance of the police authority of the State, the morals of the State, or the health of the State. If the legislation in that respect does not fall within some of these subjects or kindred subjects, so that all would at first blush see, then an act declared to be a misdemeanor that does not fall within some of those definitions, or something akin to them, would not be a misdemeanor. So in this case, I think, the Legislature has clearly made a mistake in declaring something to be a misdemeanor that never was heard of before." This decision, novel in its form of statement and broad in its scope, will probably put an end to the business of compulsory "patriotism" in Illinois, and is a welcome addition to the long series of findings whereby the tendencies of our meddlesome law-makers have been given a wholesome check at the hands of the courts.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The opponents of annual legislation in Massachusetts have unearthed some extraordinary laws which were placed upon the statute-book to suit the purposes of individual citizens. Thus there is a statute making it a misdemeanor for the owner of a Great Dane or of a Siberian bloodhound—whatever that may be—to permit him to go at large unmuzzled. These dogs are not a whit less kind than others; but some influential or pertinacious person, having once been bitten by a spotted animal of whose breeding he had only a vague conception, procured the enactment of this ridiculous and unjust statute. Not long ago a man who had a grudge against the owner of a large spotted dog, learning of this provision, caused the arrest of the owner, and compelled him to pay a fine. An act imposing an extra license fee upon the master of the traditional "yaller dog" would be just as well founded. In some cases new legislation has been procured in order to affect a pending suit. In one case a firm of enterprising attorneys, having a troublesome probate suit on hand, went up to the State House early in the session and obtained the passage of a law which gave a great advantage to their clients. But their opponents were not to be outdone, and before the Legislature adjourned an act had been passed which gave the law another twist in favor of the other contestant. These are great abuses, but they are rarely mentioned in the newspapers.

The farcical nature of prohibition in Maine is shown by the periodic "raids" which take place in the chief cities. In Lewiston just now there is a spasmodic attempt to put down the sale of beer, the chief result of which has been to increase the sale of that adulterated and injurious drink known in prohibition States as "whiskey." This is peddled out by women as well as by men. There are barrooms in Lewiston just as there are in New York and Boston. Commonly they are wide open; and their present condition is thus described by a local paper: "Spring-locks on the outside door, wires running to the back room, and peep-holes in the partition, behind which business is done, are the most common precaution in vogue." To make people drink bad whiskey on the sly instead of good beer openly is what the prohibitory law has accomplished in the large towns and cities of Maine.

Three thousand brewery men who are "striking" in Boston have proposed an agreement to their employers, the nineteenth clause of which is as follows: "Free beer shall be distributed during working hours in sufficient quantity to the employés, as heretofore." In "sufficient quantity"! That elastic phrase doubtless means innumerable mugs of beer, and it accounts for the apoplectic and bloated appearance of the drivers of lager beer wagons.

The *American Law Review* laments the decay of the old New England lawyers who were developed in small and isolated communities. The early New England town had its parson, its lawyer, its doctor, and perhaps several other persons of education and substance who gave it a tone, a standard of manners and of culture which the same town at the present day completely lacks. These men had great raciness of character. The following was the reason given by a lawyer named Grant for leaving the village of Wentworth, New Hampshire: "There was not room enough there; the hills came down all around so close together that there was no space to turn around in. A little shoemaker moved in and set up business there, but when he tried to pull out his wax-ends, he hit both his elbows against the hills." H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

Louisiana is sending a big delegation to the Richmond, Virginia, Confederate Conference to try and secure for New Orleans the proposed Southern Battle Abbey, or Confederate Museum. When the competition was first opened there were but four candidates—New Orleans, Washington, Richmond, and Nashville—but there are now over twenty, and nearly every town in the South is collecting money for this cause, hoping to become the city of Confederate memories. What the Louisiana delegates will ask is that the matter be left over for a year, as no Southern town has raised enough money to secure the prize. The affair in New Orleans is largely in the hands of the women, and a woman's committee goes to Richmond which expects by feminine arts to secure this wished-for delay of a year.

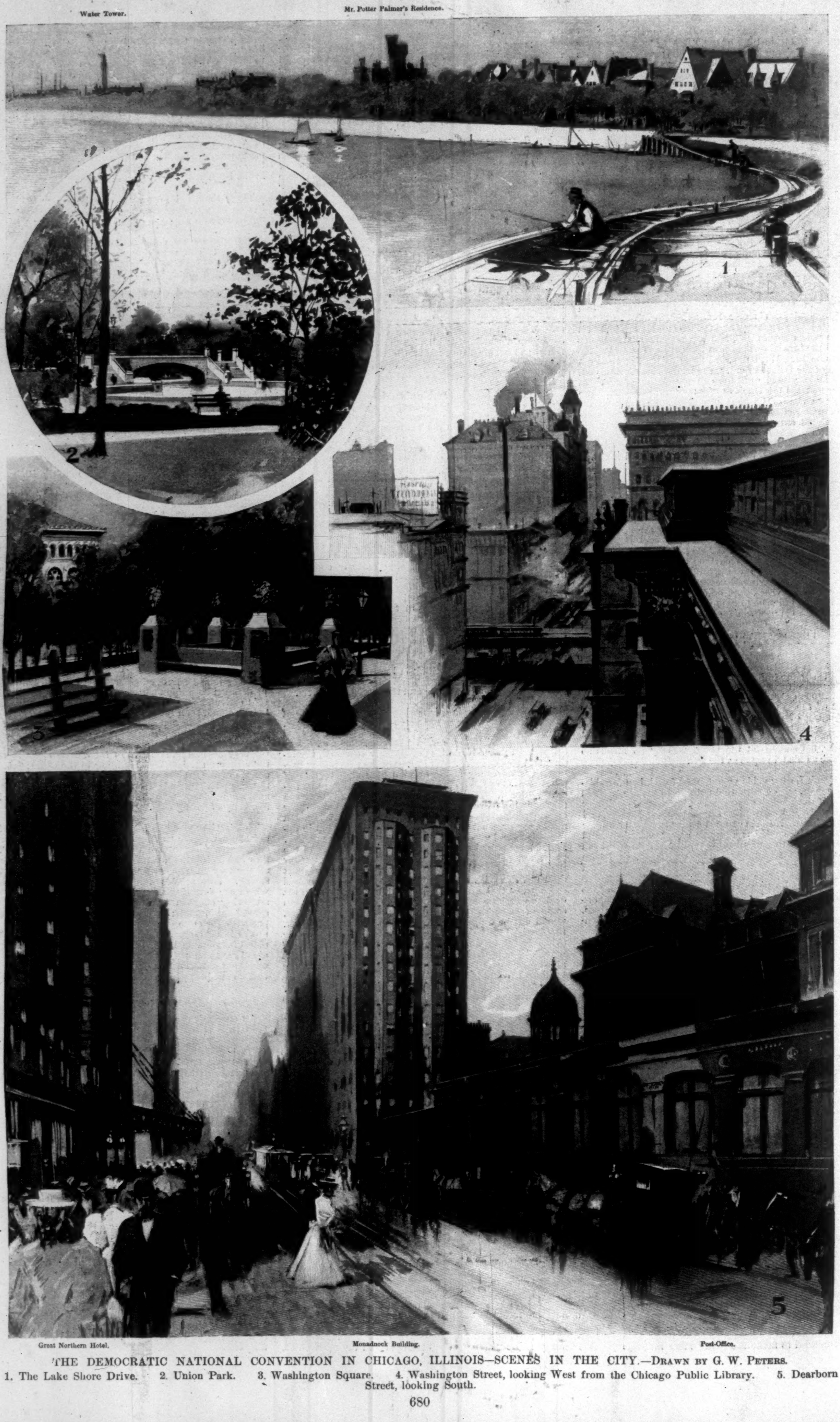
The Naval Reserve is decidedly the popular idol of the State militia. The battalion has been organized only a few months, and has made a gallant showing in all the street parades, sham battles, etc., given lately. The entire city joined heartily in the request that a man-of-war be detailed here upon which the young sailors could show off to advantage. The cruiser *Raleigh* has, in response to this demand, been lying off the passes for a week to give the naval militia a taste of service. The stories of the first few days of practice have been rather sad. A choppy sea rendered many of the young sailors *hors de combat* at the very beginning, and two of the officers spent most of their time on the *Raleigh* reclining in the cabin; but the officers of the cruiser say that this is by no means exceptional, and that, aside from the fact that many of the men are unable to stand rough weather, the battalion is a fine body of young men.

This is "bug year" in Louisiana, which, somewhat after the manner of the coming of the seventeen-year locusts, occurs at regular intervals every nine or ten years. The flies and mosquitoes, candle and electric-light bugs, and all the myriad insects of the tropics, have swarmed this spring. They are now followed by armies of caterpillars, which are ravaging the gardens, while buffalo-gnats are scattering charbon in North Louisiana, and killing the stock by thousands; and the farmers see ahead ugly prospects for the cotton-worm, for a year favorable to one genus of insects seems to equally favor all the others. The oldest inhabitants, however, will tell you that "bug years" are always abnormally healthy, and one can stay at home certain of enjoying the best health, provided the mosquitoes do not prove too troublesome. N. W.

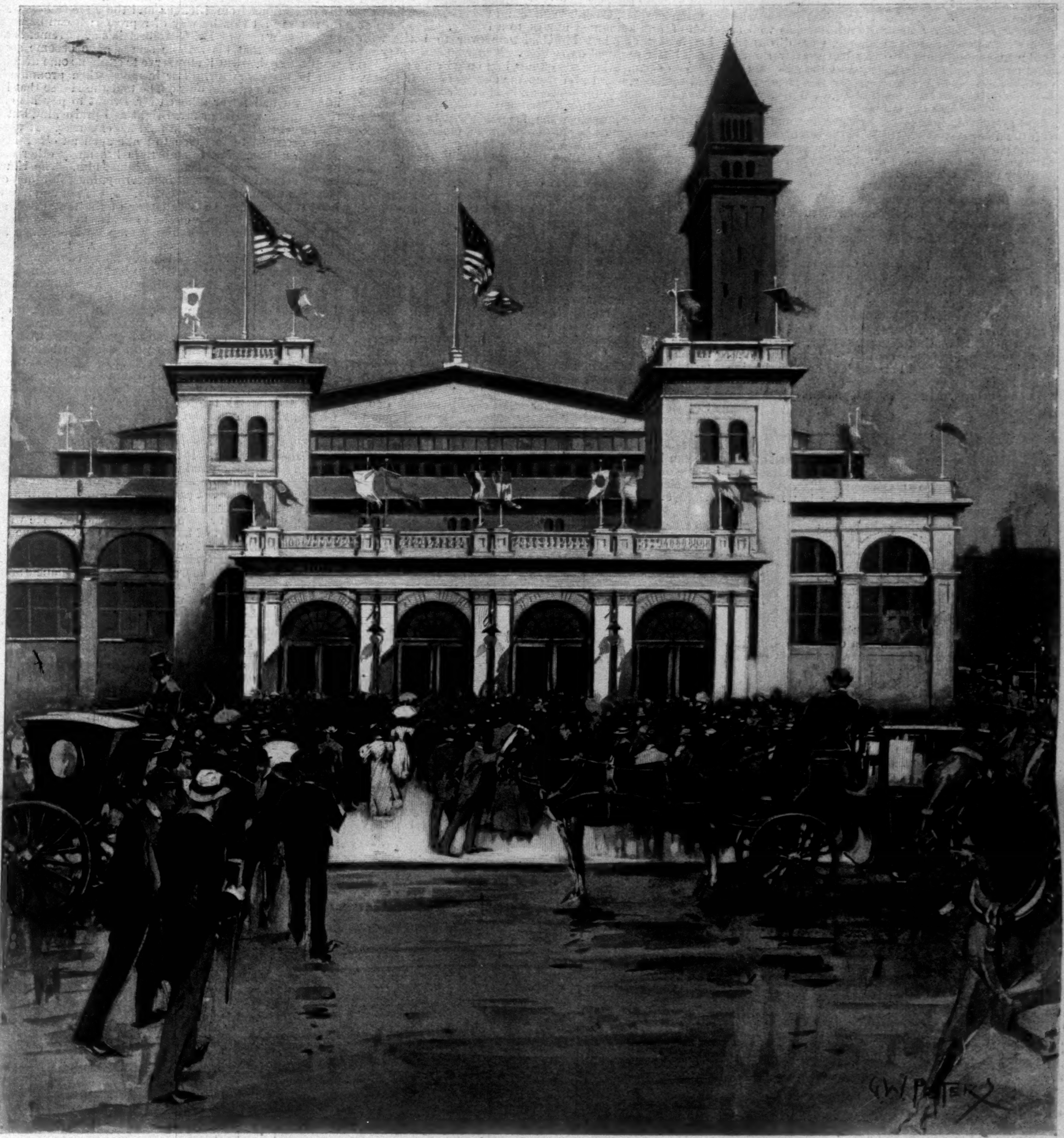
SAN FRANCISCO.

An energetic orchardist has invented a machine to keep fruit trees from freezing. This, he says, will insure the fruit-grower against the losses from frost, which are perpetually sweeping down on him and destroying his profits and his crops. The invention combines tar, straw, and water. It is carried about on a wagon, in which the straw, kept wet from a tank on the vehicle, lies on the burning tar, the fire of which is sustained at an intense pitch by means of a fan operated by machinery attached to the wheel of the wagon. The blast of hot air is blown through the wet substance in a horizontal direction, by its force ejecting a column of condensed vapor underneath the trees. The inventor says that with this machine the heaviest frosts can be defied.

The selection of a site for the Wilmerding School continues to be a matter of contention between San Francisco and the outlying towns. J. C. Wilmerding left a bequest of $400,000 for the establishing of a school where the mechanical trades should be taught. He was a wealthy San Franciscan merchant, and a man of kindly and philanthropic nature. In his walks about the city he was constantly met with the spectacle of unemployed men and boys who accounted for their idleness by the fact that they had learned no trades, and that they could not learn them on account of the opposition of the trades unions. The establishment of the school in San Francisco is said to have been Mr. Wilmerding's idea. But the adjacent towns cannot peacefully submit to this, and are making a spirited fight for the possession of the institution, offering attractive sites in the hope of thereby winning it. G. B.


Water Tower.
Mr. Potter Palmer's Residence.
1
2
3
4
5
Great Northern Hotel.
Monadnock Building.
Post-Office.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—SCENES IN THE CITY.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.
1. The Lake Shore Drive. 2. Union Park. 3. Washington Square. 4. Washington Street, looking West from the Chicago Public Library. 5. Dearborn Street, looking South.



THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CHICAGO—THE COLISEUM, WHERE THE CONVENTION MEETS.

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

FOR the fourth time the Democratic National Convention has met in Chicago. The first national convention of that party held in that city was in 1864, when Horatio Seymour, of New York, was nominated for President. The next time the Democrats met in Chicago was in 1884, when Grover Cleveland, of New York, became the candidate. In 1892 the Democrats met again in Chicago, and Mr. Cleveland was again the nominee. The fourth national meeting of the Democrats began on July 7 of this year, and at the time of this writing it is impossible even to predict the nominee. The only active candidates for the nomination have been what are known as free-silver men. The gold-standard delegates practically withdrew when the Hon. W. C. Whitney, of New York, and ex-Governor W. E. Russell, of Massachusetts, declared that they would not be candidates for the nomination.

Chicago has become pre-eminently the political convention city of the United States. Since 1860 the Republicans have met there five times and the Democrats four times. In 1884 both parties held their conventions there. In 1872 and 1876 neither of the leading parties met there, but with the exception of those years Chicago has had a national convention of at least one of the great parties once in four years since 1860. Up to that time Baltimore was the favorite meeting-place of the Democratic delegates.

The conventions have met in all sorts of claptrap buildings in Chicago. This year the Democrats meet in a building no more adapted to a deliberative meeting, it is true, than any other of the buildings in which national conventions have been held for more than a score of years, but in a permanent and substantial structure, intended for use in housing monster in-door gatherings, such as meet constantly in Madison Square Garden in New York city. The building is known as the Coliseum. It will seat 15,000 persons. The building covers five and a half acres, and is situated on Grace Avenue, between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets. Visitors to the World's Fair in 1893 will recall the situation by remembering the spot where the Buffalo Bill show had its quarters. The Coliseum stands on that ground.

This permanent auditorium is typical of Chicago in every respect. Its chief characteristic is that it is enormous. It covers no less than 285,000 square feet. Inside are two immense halls. One is an assembly-room, and the other is the hall where conventions or various kinds of "shows" are to be held. The assembly-room, or reception-room, as it is called, will be 250 feet square, and capable of holding 10,000 persons. Its purpose is to be a sort of colossal foyer for the main hall of the building. The dimensions of the main hall are 450 by 300 feet. No one can expect to be heard in every part of this immense auditorium, and it is probable that most of the audience can see only a dumb show with men going through the motions of talking. It is a splendid place for "demonstrations" such as take place at all national conventions nowadays.

A multitude of men and women cheering, shouting, singing, waving flags, hats, and banners undoubtedly makes a brave show in a building such as that, and Chicago likes that much better than oratory or bitter controversial spats between the rival factions of gold and silver into which the Democratic party has become divided in the last four years. On the floor of the main hall seats have been arranged for two thousand delegates and alternates. On the east side of the building is a platform containing four hundred seats for the officers of the convention and the members of the National Committee. Directly in front of the platform have been placed desks for two hundred and fifty newspaper representatives. In a great gallery, forty feet wide, with the seats rising in tiers from the front and running along the four sides of the room, the great throng of spectators—the people were spectators rather than an audience—found room to see, but not to hear. In various parts of the building smaller rooms were constructed for use as committee-rooms and for a telegraph-room.

Early in June it became evident that the free-silver element in the Democratic party would have a large majority in the convention. Late in June it was seen that the silver men would probably have about 550 votes to 350 for the gold men. It was finally found that the silver men lacked only a trifle of the two-thirds vote required to nominate a candidate. Immediately plans were made to throw out enough gold men, by the methods that were used by the Republicans at St. Louis, practically no attention being paid to the merits of the contests, so as to give the silver men the requisite two-thirds vote to name their candidate. The silver men, with a zeal that approximated fanaticism, were early on the ground. Three distinctive meetings of silver advocates, all with a common purpose, were held in advance of the convention. The platform, the candidates, the methods of capturing the convention and conducting the campaign, details of a proposed fusion with the Populists and bolting silver Republicans, as well as with the silver party, pure and simple, were discussed. The gold men, astounded at the growth of the silver sentiment and emphatically declaring against the adoption of a silver platform—a new departure for the Democratic party—were under the leadership of W. C. Whitney, W. F. Harrity, ex-Governor Russell, and Don M. Dickinson. They went into the fight acknowledging defeat, and pleading with the delegates to save at least the semblance of a Democratic party in the East. Their entreaties practically met with sneers and allusions to "Wall Street Robbers." Mr. Whitney proclaimed that the convention was of more serious consequence than any the Democratic party had held since 1860, when there was a bolt. The gold men, in advance, however, practically declared that this time there would be no bolt.

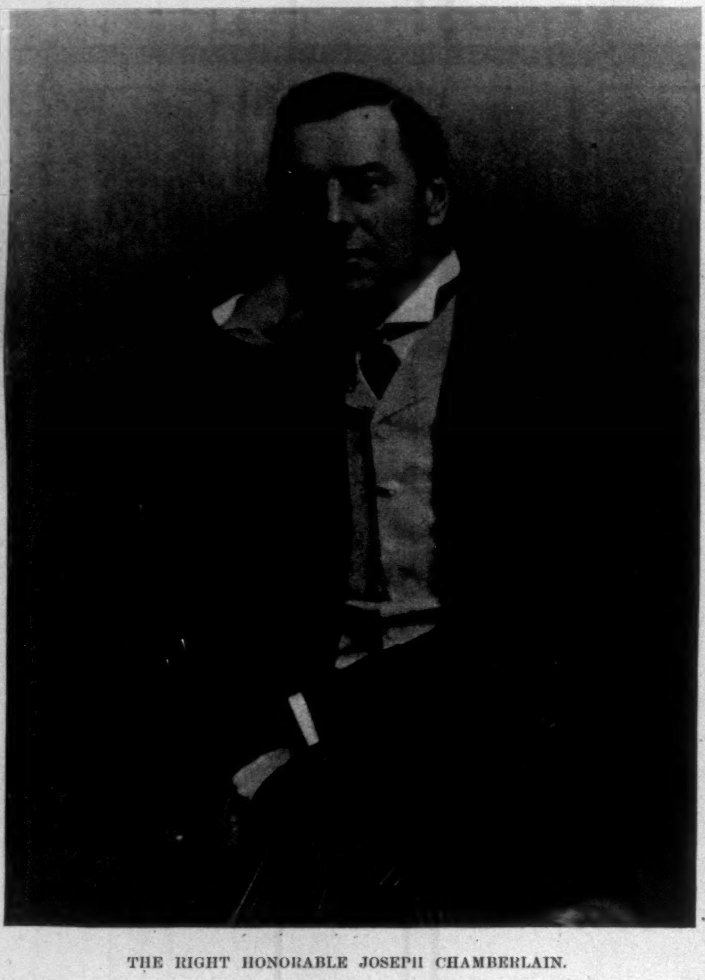
The candidates of the free-silver men at the outset were numerous. In the lead was ex-Governor Boies, of Iowa; R. P. Bland, of Missouri, the father of the silver sentiment in the Democratic party, was next in popular strength; and then came Governor Claude Matthews, of Indiana; Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky; John R. McLean, of Ohio; Senator Tillman, of South Carolina—with William R. Morrison, of Illinois, ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, Senator Teller, the bolting leader of the silver Republicans at St. Louis, and Vice-President Stevenson as dark horses. The only distinctive gold candidate who was announced as being in the race to stay was ex-Governor R. E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

A QUARTER of a century ago some one remarked of Mr. Chamberlain, who was then Mayor of Birmingham, "He is not only Mayor, but Town Council too." And to tell the truth, there is no little of the dictator in "Brummagem Joe." He showed some of it—so a good many people thought—when John Bright died and the Conservatives of Central Birmingham invited Lord Randolph Churchill to contest his seat. It was always Lord Randolph's dearest wish to represent a large manufacturing constituency, and he jumped eagerly at the chance.

Everything was settled; the deputation had interviewed Lord Randolph in a committee-room in the House of Commons, and had received his final answer; and a public meeting was arranged at which he was to meet his new constituents. Then Mr. Chamberlain appeared; there were meetings, cabals, warnings, threats; things happened—no one quite knows what; but the end of it was that Lord Randolph did not stand for Central Birmingham. Neither did he again speak to Mr. Chamberlain. The Birmingham dictator would have no poaching on his preserves. Lord Charles Beresford tried to break through the hedge only last year. He even issued his election address and commenced a canvass; but the Shah of Highbury descended, and for the first time in his life Lord Charles ran away; he did not stop till he reached London. Eight years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain was in America, he cabled home some instructions concerning Birmingham local politics. A gentleman said that the message had polluted the Atlantic. The joke was forgotten by all except Mr. Chamberlain, and six years later, when that gentleman was standing for the local Town Council, the word went forth from Highbury that he was not to get in; and he did not get in. All this shows how Mr. Chamberlain can work things. That is his forte; he is emphatically a boss. He worked the Birmingham Town Council; he has worked both the Conservative and the Liberal parties; now he is working the British Empire. Had he been an American he would have worked the Presidency. He began life as a screw-maker, and he managed the whole of that trade in the Midlands in a way, it is said, not always to his credit. He entered the Town Council, and soon showed himself the strongest, most energetic, and practical man in a body long famous for its peculiar hard-headedness. He drove excellent bargains for the municipality. He made it buy up the gas-works and water-works of private companies, pull down rookeries, lay out parks, build libraries, colleges, and art-galleries. To-day the gas-works bring into the city exchequer a clear annual profit of some $200,000; the water-works about $50,000 more. In fifty years they say that Birmingham will be the richest municipality in the world.

It would be barely possible for an American to grasp the horror of heavy Conservatives when Birmingham sent Mr. Chamberlain to represent her in Parliament, just twenty years ago. They had denounced his municipal policy as the rankest socialism; it was communism; Chamberlain ought to be arrested; Birmingham blotted out—and so on. But the thought of his bringing his wicked theories with him to Westminster and expounding them in Parliament was unbearable. The fact was, at that time there was a good deal of half-baked republicanism afloat on the surface of English radicalism. Sir Charles Dilke had just brought forward in the House of Commons his famous motion for an inquiry into the income and expenses of the Crown. It had led to one of the most tumultuous scenes ever witnessed at Westminster. Dilke was howled down, and the House given over to a furious mob of men yelling, hissing, cock-crowing, to drown his voice. Chamberlain was known to be Dilke's friend; he had even given open expression to his sympathy with the young baronet. Indeed, Chamberlain's republicanism was said to be such that a few fanatics opposed his re-election to the Mayoralty of Birmingham for fear his principles might be considered an insult to the Prince of Wales, who was visiting the city that year. And so, when he entered Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain found that the Tory detestation of him amounted almost to a frenzy. Not even at his lowest ebb had Mr. Gladstone ever to battle with such bitter personal opposition. Men who had never set eyes on Chamberlain, who knew him only by his speeches and opinions, hated him from the depths of their hearts. They imagined to themselves a kind of Birmingham Jack Cade, a low-class agitator, an uncouth barbarian. Their surprise was complete when from his seat in the House rose a clean-shaven boyish-looking man, faultlessly frock-coated, wearing a rare orchid and the single eye-glass of aristocracy, and began, in a quiet convincing manner, and a perfectly clear and modulated voice, to speak on the subject under discussion. He caught the ear of the House at once, and he has never lost it. Whenever it is known that "Chamberlain is up," men come tumbling out of the library and lobbies and smoking-room in their eagerness to hear him. Parliamentary speaking, the knack of Parliamentary debate, is with Mr. Chamberlain what Macaulay declared it to be with Lord Derby—an instinct. He understands the moods of the House of Commons to perfection. To play upon that difficult instrument requires extraordinary abilities, and Mr. Chamberlain has mastered it completely. He is not an orator; he has no splendid phraseology; he leaves it to others to be eloquent. No speech of his would be read except for the present interest in the subject. Chamberlain will leave nothing for posterity to quote. He has not enough imagination or fancy or pathos in him to be an orator. He never stirred the House, as Gladstone often did, by some passionate appeal to its conscience. He never talks over the heads of his audience, or compels them to strain their intellects to keep pace with his flights. He has no flights; his feet are solidly planted on this earth. When occasion serves he can be bitter and frigidly sarcastic—no man more so. Some of his speeches cut like a corrosive acid. His voice is as clear as a bell, but cold, hard, precise; you hear every word, every syllable, without a strain, but it leaves you unmoved; you are never thrilled as Gladstone would thrill you with the resonance, the silvery cadences of his exquisite voice—a voice, as has been said, that would lend fascination to dulness itself. He uses few gestures, and such as he has at his command are not natural and dramatic; they always remind me of the chronic spasms of a railroad signal. He is, in fact, a business-man with a consummate gift for lucid and concise expression. He marshals his arguments admirably; he delivers them with point and directness. No interruption can flurry him; no disorder drag him from his point. He is always, as he once remarked in the House, as cool as a cucumber. To see Chamberlain with his back to the wall in the Parliaments of five or six years ago, hated by his old allies, distrusted by his new ones, cutting and slashing at the Gladstonians in the coolest and most confident manner, knowing that when he sat down he would be overwhelmed with a storm of abuse and contempt and, what was far worse, quotations from his former speeches, was to see one of the finest Parliamentary performances of the last half-century. No one could help admiring the supreme courage of the man.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

That at times there breaks out in Mr. Chamberlain a vein that is not lovely to look upon is true enough. Shall I call it self-assertion, arrogance, or vulgarity? He has not an "instinct for the best." For one thing, he is not a 'Varsity man—you could tell as much after five minutes' conversation with him. He is a great reader, but not, I suspect, of the best literature. His library at Highbury is well thumbed, but it is a "business" library. He draws his quotations from Dickens and the *Biglow Papers.* I do not say all this by way of reproach; it can be no reproach to a man of Mr. Chamberlain's achievements and occupations that his artistic senses have become somewhat blunted. But it may serve to explain some deficiencies in his character. For instance, when pronouncing John Bright's funeral oration, he told the House that Birmingham had never allowed Mr. Bright to pay his election expenses. Honor Mr. Bright and praise him, but do not forget that Birmingham paid his expenses. It would have occurred to few men to make such an observation at such a time. Mr. Chamberlain has many other ways of setting honorable members against him. The House, whose collective judgment is unerring, finds in him a certain bumptiousness that irritates. He is not a gentle debater; there must be a full play of the tomahawk and scalping-knife; it is not enough for him to refute his opponent—he must crush him, stamp on him, leave him dead on the field. He is brutally clever. I have known Mr. Chamberlain lose for his party many advantages that Mr. Balfour's calm persuasiveness had almost gained. He drives men to vote against him; they march into another lobby just for the pleasure of "dishing Chamberlain." It is said that in his younger days Mr. Chamberlain once asked an old Parliamentary hand how best he might improve his position in the House. "Well, Mr. Chamberlain," said the aged member, "if I were you I should try to make a failure now and then." He is a little too "cocksure," and the House takes as little to cocksureness as it does to genius.

To understand the extraordinary bitterness of Mr. Chamberlain's assailants, I should have to give a rather minute account of the split in the Liberal party over the Irish Home-rule bill in 1886, and that would not be particularly interesting. It is enough to say that Mr. Chamberlain's resignation and practical secession left the Gladstone government in a minority and broke the back of the home-rule agitation. For that he was attacked with a vitriolic vehemence such as no other politician of our time has had to endure. He was accused of having joined the Gladstone cabinet solely with a view to wrecking it. The Gladstonians hated him for deserting Mr. Gladstone, and the Irish Nationalists abused him for thwarting their pet scheme as only Irish Nationalists can abuse a man. Yet by his action Mr. Chamberlain cut himself adrift from everything. He gave up the reversion of the premiership, which was practically assured to him; he sundered many old and pleasant friendships; he went for ten years into a political ghetto; he did precisely what every political and personal interest would have counselled him not to do. And it is worth noticing that no such charges were brought against John Bright, who resigned at the same time and for the same reason. Yet John Bright's political career had wellnigh run its course; he already belonged to the past. He had nothing to lose; Chamberlain everything. It is a singular tribute to his power of making enemies. If you want to understand Chamberlain you must rid your mind of all this nonsense about his inconsistency. That he has modified his opinions in many ways is true enough—he is a poor man and a hopeless politician whose views never change. But to say that he began his career as an extreme Radical, and is now a Tory of the Tories, and so dismiss the matter, is absurd. Mr. Chamberlain is precisely the kind of man who could not be a Tory if he were to try. People are blinded by names. There is no such thing as a Tory government in England. If you mean the followers of Lord Salisbury, then the followers of Lord Salisbury passed the Free Education bill, the most radical measure placed on the statute-book for the last twenty years. The differences on domestic policy between the two great parties in England are not worth a pin's head. Every one is a Radical nowadays. Mr. Chamberlain is the chief of them—that is all. His principles are the same to-day as they were twenty-five years ago.

There has been a good deal said about Mr. Chamberlain's social success, mostly by way of sneer. It is childish talk in great part, and I was surprised to see Mr. Justin McCarthy, a candid and impartial writer in general, giving further currency to it in the *Forum.* Nothing irritates the average Gladstonian more than to see Mr. Chamberlain taking tea with a duchess on the terrace of the House. Really a man ought to be allowed to choose his own friends, and I have never yet known a Gladstonian who cut a man just because he was duke. It is very cheap abuse, this—an echo, let us hope, of fast-retreating, old-world snobbism. Mr. Chamberlain has always been a great favorite with the Queen, and the necessities of his political position make him a constant guest among the first in the land. At one time—soon after his marriage to Miss Endicott—his wife's immense popularity turned him into an inveterate diner-out. But Mr. Chamberlain is a good deal more anxious to keep aloof from society than to mix in it, and he is far happier addressing a meeting of his fellow-townsmen than dining at Windsor or Hatfield. It is only with an effort that he will tear himself away from politics and condescend to the trivialites of a drawing-room. Still, when he makes the effort, his success is indisputable. They say the only adverse comment on Mr. Chamberlain in America came from a Washington girl: "He's nice; but he doesn't dance well. His steps are too short. I should think he learnt on a postage-stamp."

Chamberlain has deserved well of his country. He saved her once by defeating the Home-rule bill; now he is going to restore her to health. For good or evil, he has turned over a new page in her colonial history. He is the most prominent man in England, if not in the world. Whether he is a great man or no, it would be hard to say. But this I dare prophesy—that he will never be forgotten.

PICAROON.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

THE history of mankind is little more than the list of the civilizations that have arisen one on the ruin of the other, the Roman supplanting the Greek, as the Assyrian had been ousted by the Babylonian. The life of each of these successive civilizations was proportioned to the vitality of the ideas by which it was animated; and we cannot estimate it or even understand it except in so far as we are able to grasp these underlying principles. What the ideas were which dominated these vanished civilizations it is for us to discover for ourselves as best we may by a study of all the records they left behind them, and especially by a reverent examination of their laws, their arts, and their writings in so far as these have been preserved to us. Of all these relics of peoples now dead and gone, none is so instructive as literature, and none is so interesting; by its aid we are enabled to reconstruct the past, as we are also helped to understand the present.

Of the literatures which thus explain to us our fellow-man as he was and as he is, three seem to me pre-eminent, standing out and above the others not only by reason of the greater number of men of genius who have illustrated them, but also by reason of their own more persistent strength and their own broader variety. These three literatures are the Greek, the French, and the English.

There are great names in the other modern languages, no doubt—the names of Dante and of Cervantes and of Goethe, than which, indeed, there are none greater. In French literature, however, and in English there are not wanting names as mighty as these. Fortunately, the possession of genius is not the privilege of any one language, of any one country, or of any one century. Where French literature and English can claim superiority over Italian, Spanish, and German is rather in sustaining a higher average of excellence for a longer period of time. The literature of the Italian language, of the Spanish, and of the German has no such beadroll of writers of the first rank as illustrates the literature of the French and of the English.

There is perhaps no more manly instrument of precision than the Latin language, none which better repays the struggle for its mastery; but Latin literature, if not second rate, when tried by the loftiest standards, is at least secondary, being transplanted from Greece, and lacking resolute roots in its own soil. Nor is any dispute possible as to the high value of Hebrew literature; as Coleridge declared, with characteristic insight, "sublimity is Hebrew by birth"; but Hebrew literature has not the wide range of the Greek, nor its impeccable beauty.

"Art is only form," said George Sand; and Goethe declared that the "highest operation of art is form-giving." If we accept these sayings, there is no need to dwell on the supreme distinction of Greek literature, for it is only in Greek that we find the undying perfection of form. It is there only that we have clear and deep thought always beautifully embodied. Indeed, truth and beauty govern Greek literature so absolutely that, old as it is, it seems to us ever fresh and eternally young. After two thousand years and more it strikes us to-day as startlingly modern. Thoreau—whose own phrase was often Attic in its delicate precision—Thoreau asked: "What are the classics but the noblest recorded thoughts of man? They are the only oracles that are not decayed."

Nevertheless, the world has kept restlessly moving since the fall of Athens, and mankind has developed needs that the Greeks knew not. As Molière puts it, pithily, "The ancients are the ancients, and we are the men of to-day." There are questions in America now, and not a few of them, undreamed of in Sparta; and for the answers to these it is vain to go to Greek literature, modern as it may be in so many ways.

French literature has not a little of the moderation and of the charm of Greek literature. It is not violent; it is not boisterous, even; it is never freakish. It has balance and order and a broad sanity. It has an unfailing sense of style. It has lightness of touch, and it has also and always intellectual seriousness. The literature is like the language; and Voltaire declared that what was not clear was not French. And the language itself is the fit instrument of the people who use it and who have refined it for their needs—a people logical beyond all others, gifted in mathematics, devoid of hypocrisy, law-abiding, governed by the social instinct, inheritors of the Latin tradition and yet infused with the Celtic spirit.

To those of us who are controlled by the Anglo-Saxon ideals, whether or not we come of English stock, to those of us who adhere to Anglo-Saxon conventions, no other literature can serve as a better corrective of our inherited tendencies than the French. The chief characteristic of English literature is energy, power often ill-restrained, vigor often superabundant. From the earliest rude war-songs of the stalwart Saxon fighters who were beginning to make the English language, to the latest short story setting forth the strife of an American mining camp, there is never any lack of force in English literature. There is always the Teutonic boldness and rudeness—the Teutonic readiness to push forward and to shoulder the rest of the world out of the way—the Teutonic independence that leads every man to fight for his own hand, like the smith in Scott's story. What we do not discover in English literature, with all its overmastering vitality, is economy of effort, the French self-control, the Greek sense of form.

French literature and English literature have existed side by side for many centuries, each of them influencing the other now and again, and yet each of them preserving its own individuality, always and ever revealing the dominant characteristics of the people speaking its language. We need not attempt to weigh them one against the other, and to measure them with a foot-rule, and to declare which is the greater. Equal they may be in the past and in the present; equal in the future they are not likely to be. The qualities which make French literature what it is tend also to keep the French race from expansion; just as the qualities which make English literature what it is have sent the English-speaking stock forth to fill up the waste places of the earth, and to wrest new lands from hostile savages or from inhospitable nature.

French was the language of the courts of Europe when English was little better than a dialect of rough islanders. When Chaucer chose his native English as the vehicle of his verse he showed both courage and prescience—a courage and a prescience lacking in Bacon, who lived two hundred years later, and who did not feel himself insured against Time until his great work was safely entombed in Latin. Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were more men and women in the world speaking French than there were speaking English. But now, at the end of the nineteenth century, with the steady spread of our stock into the four quarters of the world, there are more than twice as many people using English as there are using French.

And the end is not yet; for while four-fifths of those who have French for their mother-tongue abide in France or along its borders, not a third of those who have English for their mother-tongue dwell in England. Not only in England, Ireland, and Scotland is English spoken, and in all the many British colonies which encompass the globe about; it is also the native speech of the people of the United States. English is the language of the stock which bids fair to prove itself the most masterful, hardy, and prolific, and which seems to possess a marvellous faculty for assimilating members of other allied stems, and of getting these newly received elements to accept its own hereditary ideals.

English literature is likely, therefore, to become in the future relatively more important and absolutely more influential. As there has been no relaxing of energy among the peoples that now speak the English language, probably there will be no alteration of the chief characteristic of English literature, although in time the changes of environment must make more or less modification inevitable. It will be curious to see in a century how the ideals and the practices of the race will alter, after the race is no longer pent up in an island, after it has scattered itself over the world and assimilated other elements and adjusted itself to other social organizations. Here in America we can see already some of these results, for already is the American differentiated from the Englishman. We may not be able to declare clearly wherein the difference consists; but we all recognize it plainly enough.

Colonel Higginson has suggested that the American has an added drop more of nervous fluid than the Englishman. It is perhaps apparent already that the American is swifter than the Englishman, slighter in build, springier in gait. Social changes are as evident as physical. Lowell remarked that if it was a good thing for an English duke that he had no social superior, it surely was not a bad thing for a Yankee farmer. Socially the American is less girt in by caste than the Englishman. These differences, obvious in life, are visible also in literature. We feel now, even if we do not care to define, the unlikeness of the writing of the British authors to the writing of the American authors. Neither man nor nature is the same in Great Britain as it is in the United States; and of necessity, therefore, there cannot be any identity between the points of view of the men of letters of the two countries.

In time, as there come to be more writers in Canada, we shall have a perspective from yet another point of view; and in due season others will be presented to us from Australia and from India. No doubt these future authors will cherish the tradition of English literature as loyally as we Americans cherish it here in the United States—as loyally as the British cherish it in the little group of islands which was once the home of the ancestors of us all. Race characteristics are inexorable, and it is very unlikely that there will ever be any irreconcilable divergence between these separate divisions of the English-speaking peoples. English literature will continue to flourish as sturdily as ever after the parent stem has parted into five branches. All of these branches will take the same pride in their descent from a common stock, and in their possession of a common literature and of a common language. A common language, I say, for the English language belongs to all those who use it, whether they live in London or in Chicago or in Melbourne.

It is not a little strange that it should now ever be needful to say that the British have no more ownership of the English language than we Americans have. The English language is the mother-tongue of the inhabitants of the British Isles, but so it is also the mother-tongue of the inhabitants of the United States. It is not a loan to us, which may be recalled; it is not a gift, which we have accepted; it is a heritage, which we derived from our forefathers. We hold it by right of birth, and our title to it is just as good as the title of our kin across the sea. No younger brother's portion is it that we claim in the English language, but a whole and undivided half. It is an American possession as it is a British possession, no more and no less; and we hold it on the same terms that our cousins do. We have the rights of ownership, and the responsibilities also, exactly as they have, and to exactly the same extent. The English language belongs to us also; it is ours to use as we please, just as the common law is ours, to modify according to our own needs; it is ours for us to keep pure and healthy; and it is ours for us to hand down to our children unimpaired in strength and in subtlety.

And as the language is a possession common to all the English-speaking peoples, so also is the literature. A share in the fame of Chaucer and of Shakespeare, of Milton and of Dryden, is part of the inheritance of every one of us who has English for his mother-tongue, whatever his father-land. If there be anywhere a great poet or novelist or historian, it matters not where his birth or his residence or what his nationality, if he makes use of the English language he is contributing to English literature. To distinguish the younger divisions of English literature from the older, we shall have to call that older division British, meaning thereby that portion of our common literature which is now produced by those who were left behind in the old home when the rest of the family went forth one by one to make their way in the world. Thus English literature, which was one and undivided till the end of the eighteenth century, has now in the nineteenth century two chief divisions—British and American; and it bids fair in the twentieth century to have three more—Canadian, Australian, and Indian.

Some such distinction between the several existing divisions of the English literature of our own time is needful, and it will be found useful. Absurd and very misleading is the antithesis sometimes made between American literature and English, since the American is but one of the divisions of the English literature of our time. Not long ago a pupil of one of the best private schools in New York maintained that American literature was just as important as English literature, producing in proof two companion manuals, of the same size externally, although, of course, internally on a wholly different scale. Such a lack of proportion in the treatment of different parts of the literature of the English language is foolish and harmful. But a comparison of American literature with the merely British literature of to-day might be proper enough. What we need to grasp clearly is the fact that the stream of English literature had only one channel until the end of the last century, and that in this century it has two channels. The new mouth that this massive current has made for itself is American, and so we are compelled to call the old mouth British.

Through which of these channels the fuller stream shall flow in the next century no man can foretell to-day. It is a fact that the population of these United States is now nearly twice as large as the population of the British Isles, and not inferior in ability or in energy. But it is a fact also that in America a smaller proportion of the ability and the energy of the people seems to be devoted to the cause of letters. In a new country life itself offers the widest opportunities; and literature here has keener rivals and more of them than it can have in a land which has been cleared and tilled and tended since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The earliest Americans had other duties than the writing of books; they had to lay deep the broad foundations of this mighty nation. It was more than two hundred years after the establishment of the first trading-post on the island of Manhattan before Washington Irving published the *Sketch-Book*, the first work of American authorship to win a wide popularity beyond the borders of our own country—before Fenimore Cooper, a little later, published *The Spy*, the first work of American authorship to win a wide popularity beyond the borders of our own language. We may say that American literature is now but little older than the threescore years and ten allotted as the span of a man's natural life.

We had had authors, it is true, in the eighteenth century, and at least two of these, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, hold high rank; but it was not until towards the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century that we began really to have a literature. It is scarcely an overstatement to say that there are men alive to-day who are as old as American literature is. But in the past three-quarters of a century American literature has taken root firmly, and blossomed forth abundantly, and spread itself abroad sturdily. Emerson followed Edwards and Franklin. Hawthorne and Poe followed Irving and Cooper. Bryant proved that Nature here in America was fit for the purposes of Art; and he was followed by Longfellow and Lowell, by Whittier and Holmes.

During these same threescore years and ten there were great writers in the other branch of the literature of our language, in British literature, perhaps greater writers than there were here in America, and of a certainty there were more of them. There is no need now to call the roll of the mighty men of letters alive in England at the middle of this century. But much as we admire these British authors, much as we respect them, I do not think that they are as close to us as the authors of our own country; we do not cherish them with the same affection. Just as the modern literatures are nearer to us than the ancient, because we ourselves are modern, just as English literature is nearer to us than French, because we ourselves speak English, so the American division of that literature is closer to us than the British. It helps us to understand one another, and it explains us to ourselves. If we accept the statement that, after all, literature is only a criticism of life, it is of value in proportion as its criticism of life is truthful. Surely it needs no argument to show that the life it is most needful for us Americans to have criticised truthfully is our own life. It is only in our own literature that we can hope to learn the truth about ourselves; and this, indeed, is what we must always insist upon in our literature—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Lowell reminded us that Goethe went to the root of the matter when he said that "people are always talking of the study of the ancients; yet what does this mean but apply yourself to the actual world and seek to express it, since this is what the ancients did when they were alive?"

As we consider the brief history of the American branch of English literature, we can see that the growth of a healthy feeling in regard to it has been hindered by two unfortunate failings—provincialism and colonialism. By provincialism I mean the spirit of Little Peddlington, the spirit that makes swans of all our geese. By colonialism I mean the attitude of looking humbly towards the old country for guidance and for counsel even about our own affairs.

Provincialism is local pride unduly inflated. It is the temper that is ready to hail as a Swan of Avon any local gosling who has taught himself to make an unnatural use of his own quills. It is always tempting us to stand on tiptoe to proclaim our own superiority. It prevents our seeing ourselves in proper proportion to the rest of the world. It leads to the preparation of school-manuals in which the threescore years and ten of American literature are made equal in importance to the thousand years of literature produced in Great Britain. It tends to render a modest writer, like Longfellow, ridiculous by comparing him implicitly with the half-dozen world-poets. In the final resort, no doubt, every people must be the judge of its own authors; but before that final judgment is rendered every people consults the precedents, and measures its own local favorites by the cosmopolitan and eternal standards.

Colonialism is shown in the timid deference towards foreign opinion about our own deeds and in the unquestioning acceptance of the foreign estimate upon our own writers. It might be defined almost as a willingness to be second-hand—a feeling which finds satisfaction in calling Irving the American Goldsmith; Cooper, the American Scott; Bryant, the American Wordsworth; and Whittier,

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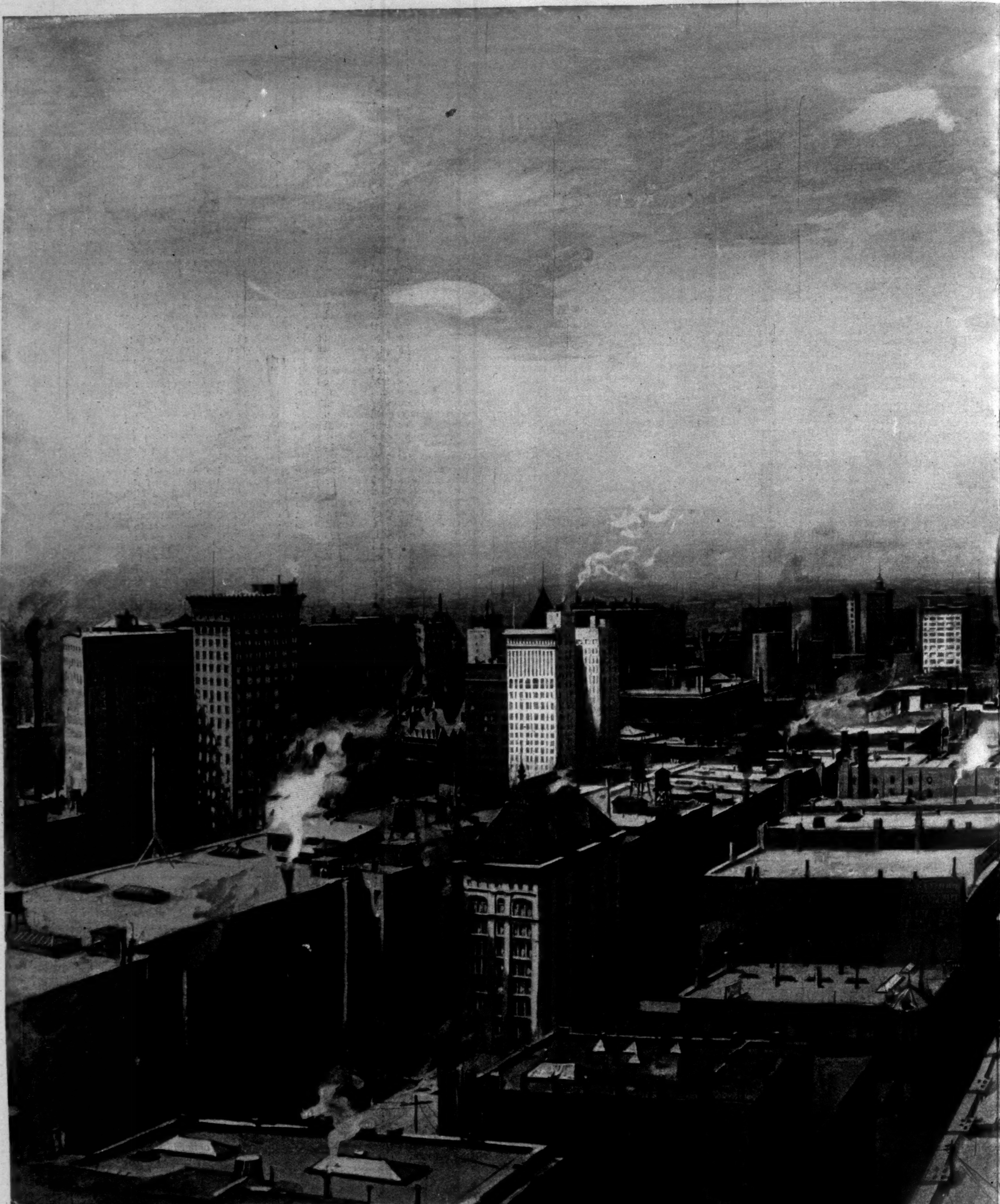
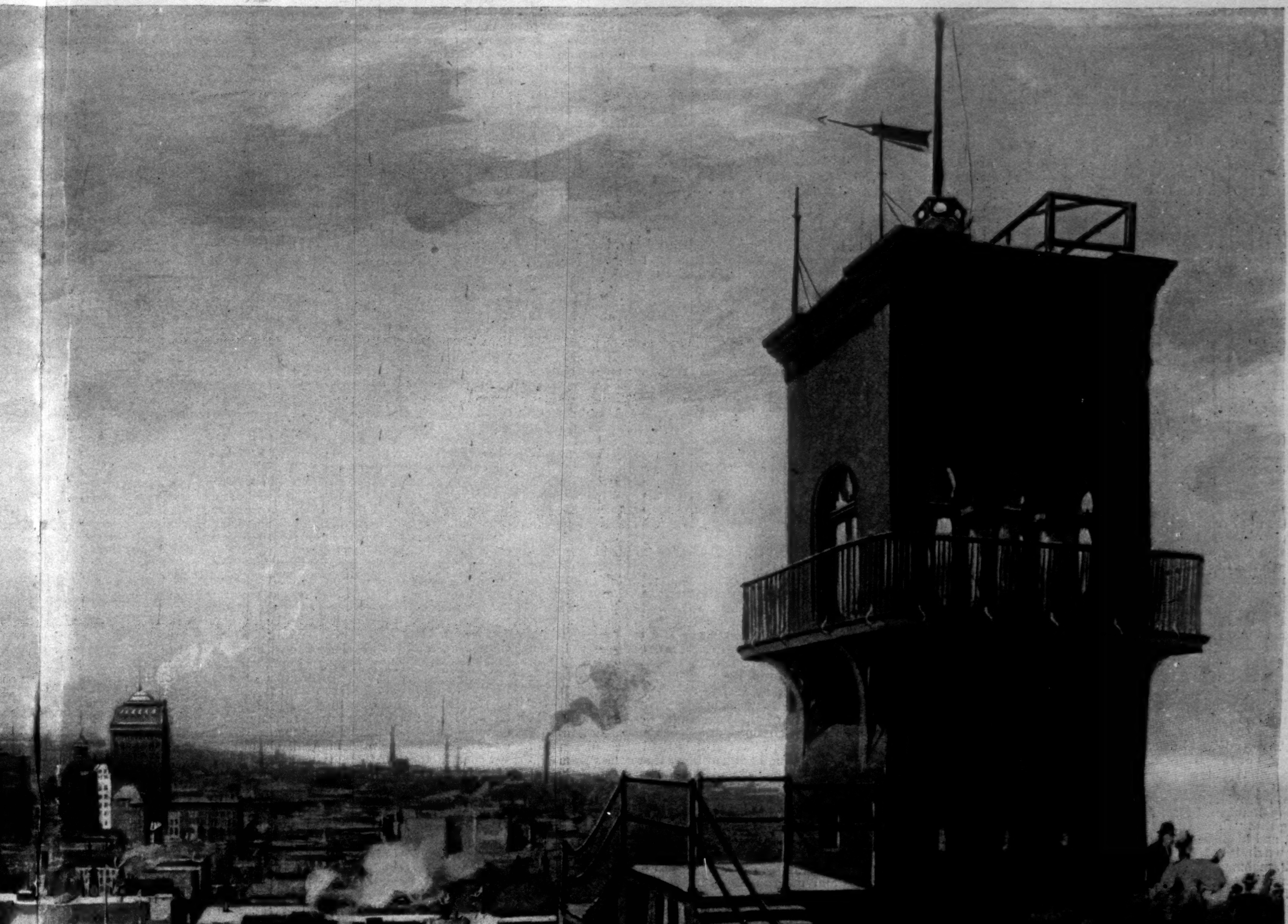
* Address delivered before the National Educational Association, July 8, 1896.



THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—VIEW OF THE CIT

Drawn by G. W. Pete



CITY LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING TOWER OF THE AUDITORIUM IN THE FOREGROUND.
Peters.—[See Page 681.]

the American Burns. Fifty years ago, when this silly trick was far more prevalent than it is now, Lowell satirized it in the "Fable for Critics":

> "Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log huts and shanties
> That has not brought forth its Miltons and Dantes;
> I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,
> Two Raphaels, six Titians (I think), one Apelles,
> Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens;
> One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens,
> A whole flock of Lambs, any number of Tennysons,
> In short, if a man has the luck to have any sons
> He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain
> Will be some very great person over again."

And elsewhere in the same poem Lowell protests against the literature that

> "suits each whisper and motion
> To what will be thought of it over the ocean."

The corrective of colonialism is a manly self-respect, a wholesome self-reliance, a wish to stand firmly on our own feet, a resolve to survey life with our own eyes and not through any imported spectacles. The New World has already brought forth men of action—Washington, for example, and Lincoln—worthy of comparison with the best that the Old World has enrolled on her records. Has the New World produced any man of letters of corresponding rank? Matthew Arnold thought that there were only five world-classics—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe. This seems a list unduly scanted; but it would need to be five times larger before it included a single American name. What of it? Even if the American poets are no one of them to be inscribed among the twoscore chief singers of the world, they are not the less interesting to us Americans, not the less inspiring. When an English author suggested to Sainte-Beuve that he did not think Lamartine an important poet, the great French critic suavely answered, "He is important to us." Without Lamartine there would be a blank in French literature. So we Americans may see clearly the defects of Bryant and of Whittier, and yet we may say that they are important to us, even though they, like Lamartine, are not among the foremost poets of their language or of their century.

Colonialism and provincialism, although they seem mutually destructive, still manage somehow to exist side by side in our criticism to-day. The best cure for them is a study of the two other great literatures, Greek and French. Too much attention to contemporary British literature is dangerous for us, since its chief characteristics are ours by inheritance. Matthew Arnold held that it was a work of supererogation for Carlyle to preach earnestness to the English, who already abounded in that sense. For us to follow the lead of the British in literature or in any other art is but saying ditto to ourselves. It is like the marriage of cousins—and for the same reasons to be deplored. But the study of Greek literature supplies us instantly with the eternal standards, the use of which cannot but be fatal to provincialism. And the study of French literature, which is as modern as our own and yet as different as may be in its ideals and its methods, is likely to serve as a certain antidote to colonialism.

The study of Greek literature, the greatest of the literatures of the past, and the study of French literature, the other great literature of the present, will lead us towards that American cosmopolitanism which is the antithesis of both provincialism and colonialism. An American cosmopolitanism, I said, for I agree with Coleridge in thinking that "the cosmopolitanism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth." Stendhal, a Frenchman who did not care for France, and who found himself, at last, a man without a country, had for a motto, "I come from Cosmopolis." A fit motto for an American author might be "I go to Cosmopolis"—I go to see the best the world has to offer, the best being none too good for American use; I go as a visitor, and I return always a loyal citizen to my own country.

As Plutarch tells us, "it is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but not to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of one's own." A torch of one's own!—that is a possession worth having, whether it be a flaming beacon on the hill-top or a tiny taper in the window. We cannot tell how far a little candle throws its beams, nor who is laying his course by its flickering light. The most that we can do—and it is also the least we should do—is to tend the flame carefully and to keep it steady.

THE BUFFALO MEETING OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

THE thirty-fifth annual meeting of the National Educational Association, the largest, most representative, and most influential of educational organizations, opened at Buffalo, New York, on July 3, and will continue in session until the evening of July 10. There is every reason to believe that this meeting will be the largest and most helpful of those yet held. At Denver, in 1895, it is estimated that more than 15,000 teachers were in attendance; no fewer than 11,297 registered and paid the membership fee of $2. It is confidently expected that even this large enrolment will be overtopped at Buffalo. The president of the association for 1896 is Newton C. Dougherty, Superintendent of Schools at Peoria, Illinois. Mr. Dougherty is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and a graduate of Princeton College. For a quarter of a century he has been prominently identified with educational work, and has long since gained a national reputation. He is the highest type of public-school man—scholarly, thoughtful, public-spirited, and progressive. As president of the N.E.A., as the association is popularly known, he has been brought into the closest relations with teachers and educationists in all parts of the country, and for the admirable and stimulating programme that has been prepared he alone is responsible.

The close associates of the president in the executive control and direction of the numerous and important interests of the association are the secretary and treasurer. Since 1893 the laborious and exacting duties of the secretary's office have devolved upon Dr. Irwin Shepard, principal of the State Normal School at Winona, Minnesota. Dr. Shepard is a veteran of the war for the Union, and has spent thirty years in the service of the public schools. The institution over which he himself presides is a model of efficiency and good organization. By common consent Dr. Shepard is the most successful secretary that the N. E. A. has ever had. The present treasurer, Mr. I. C. McNeill, formerly of Kansas City, Missouri, but now principal-elect of the State Normal School at West Superior, Wisconsin, is a thoroughly trained business man, as well as a teacher and administrator of amply demonstrated capacity.

The National Educational Association includes in its membership teachers and educational workers of every kind. University presidents and professors, principals, teachers, and kindergartners sit side by side at its great meetings. The spirit of the organization is thoroughly national and thoroughly democratic. No other single force in the country is so potent in promoting unity and harmony of feeling between representatives of different States and different sections. Its members meet on the common platform of the highest educational ideals, and nothing is seen or heard of political or religious differences. No one who witnessed the impressive outburst of national feeling at the Asbury Park meeting in 1894, held during the great Chicago strike, will ever forget it, or fail to appreciate the service of this vast assemblage of teachers to the cause of true patriotism and good citizenship.

For the purposes of promoting discussion, and allowing those having special interests to meet together for their furtherance, the National Educational Association is divided into fourteen departments. One of these—the Department of School Superintendence—meets regularly in February of each year. Its next meeting will be held at Indianapolis, Indiana, about February 19, 1897. The other departments assemble at the time and place of meeting of the general association. They are concerned respectively with the kindergarten, elementary education, secondary education, higher education, normal-school training, art education, music education, industrial education, business education, child study, physical education, natural-science instruction, and school administration. At Buffalo a petition for the formation of a Department of School Libraries will be received and acted upon. The departments will meet on the afternoons of July 8, 9, and 10; the sessions of the general association are fixed for the afternoon and evening of July 7, and for the mornings and evenings of July 8, 9, and 10. The National Council of Education, a picked body of sixty members, began its sessions on the morning of July 3.

President Dougherty has skilfully grouped the programme of the morning sessions about three topics of great present interest—literature, nature study, and sociology. Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, is the chief speaker on the first topic; President Jordan, of Stanford University, on the second; and Professor Small, of the University of Chicago, on the third. Among the speakers at the evening sessions are to be the eloquent and scholarly Bishop Spalding, of Peoria; Bishop Vincent, of Chautauqua fame; Booker T. Washington, of Alabama; and President Draper, of the University of Illinois.

The great value of these meetings lies only in part in the papers and discussions, excellent though they usually are. But more important still is the increased sense of professional pride and responsibility that comes from contact with the most distinguished and earnest of the nation's educators. Those who can attend these inspiring meetings and do not, cut themselves off from one of the greatest of privileges and benefits. No school stands still that is in charge of a regular attendant at the meetings of the N. E. A. There new ideas and methods are presented and criticised, there old standards are upheld and defended. Some of the most eloquent and inspiring addresses and debates of recent years have taken place before this association.

The N. E. A., too, has branched out into noteworthy investigations. Under the lead of President Eliot, of Harvard, the famous Committee of Ten studied and reported upon the vital questions of secondary education, in 1894. A strong Committee of Fifteen, with Superintendent Maxwell, of Brooklyn, as chairman, dealt elaborately with elementary-school problems in 1895. At present a Committee of Twelve, headed by the veteran Henry Sabin, State Superintendent of Iowa, is considering the condition of the rural schools and steps for their improvement, and will probably report in 1897. Still another committee, of which Dr. A. F. Nightingale, Superintendent of High-Schools in Chicago, is the head, is expected to report about the same time on the question of college-admission requirements. By such means as these the National Educational Association not only promotes pedagogical scholarship, but stimulates educational activity both at home and abroad. The bound volumes of its Proceedings are a veritable educational encyclopædia in themselves.

The association has accumulated a fund of about $55,000, which may be somewhat diminished, owing to the effect of recent crop failures and business depression upon some of the investments. The income of this fund, added to the annual membership fees, supports the association, pays for the publication of the annual volume of Proceedings, and enables such investigations as have been mentioned above to be undertaken. A fund of at least $100,000, safely invested, is needed to enable the association's beneficent work to go on without fear of interruption or accident.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS.

LITTLE brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;
Its hands are your nest,
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling gray smoke;
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes, sleep is best.
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep;
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON-(TEKAHIONWAKE).

EDUCATING OUR NAVAL OFFICERS ABROAD.

THE British government will refuse hereafter to receive at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, students sent by the government of the United States or other nations. Two of the cadets who graduated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, last year were sent to Greenwich for a three years' course. Three years before, two other cadets, Horatio G. Gillmor and Henry G. Smith, went to Greenwich. These two returned to the United States last year to be assistant naval constructors, and the star members of the class of '95 took their places. They were much envied among the cadets. In the first place, there is a distinction about being selected to represent the class in a foreign school. In the second place, the position of assistant naval constructor is much coveted, for it carries with it chances of promotion in the service which do not fall to the lot of the ordinary ensign; and it promises prosperity in civil life if the navy should prove uncongenial. Much of the best work of building the new navy has been done under the direction of officers who have left the government service to enter the employ of manufacturing concerns. Whether it is fair to permit these officers, who have received a special education at the expense of the government, to resign their places shortly after graduation to accept positions in civil life is a mooted point. Those who have wished to resign have held that their services were not lost to the government—that the results of their training would be seen in the ships which contractors would construct under their supervision for the Navy Department. But that the interests of the contractors and the interests of the government do not coincide was shown pretty plainly in the armor-plate scandals at Homestead. So it will seem to the ordinary thinker that the government is the loser by the transfer of its experts to occupations in civil life.

The Royal Naval College extended its invitation to foreign governments for many years. The advantages it offered were unequalled anywhere in the world, though there are great schools of naval architecture at Paris and at Glasgow. The United States government, with its usual conservatism in naval matters, neglected this opportunity until sixteen years ago. In the mean time naval constructors were selected for the service from private life by competitive examination. These appointees were never satisfactory; for though many of them had been educated abroad, none of them could gain admittance to the Royal Naval College, or to any other government institute. Being dissatisfied with the naval constructors obtained from civil life, and feeling that there was not enough demand for naval architects in our navy to warrant the establishment of an appropriate course at Annapolis, the Navy Department determined to avail itself of the invitation of England, and to send two of the graduates of the Naval Academy to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. The cadets selected for the experiment were Gatewood and Bowles. They returned in 1882, with honors, and were appointed immediately to be assistant naval constructors. After serving seven years as an assistant, Mr. Bowles is now a full-fledged naval constructor. His salary when he was first appointed was $2000 when on active duty, or $1500 when on waiting orders or leave. This rate was increased by $200 a year after the first five years. As a naval constructor, Mr. Bowles drew $3200 when on active service, or $2200 when on leave or waiting orders. Now his salary is $3400 or $2400 a year, according to his occupation. After 1898 he will receive $3700 on active service; after 1903, $4000; and after 1908, $4200. The beauty of being a naval constructor is well illustrated in the fact that there are cadets of 1879 still on the list of lieutenants of junior grade. Their pay for the first five years after the date of their commission as ensigns was $1200 when at sea, $1000 when on shore duty, and $800 a year when on leave or waiting orders. After the first five years they received $1400, $1200, or $1000, according to assignment. Their salaries now are $1400 to $1700.

Of course there is not the variety in the life of a naval constructor that there is in the life of an ensign or a lieutenant. But there are very few men in the navy who would not accept the appointment as naval constructor if they could get it.

The first experiment having been a pronounced success, the Secretary of the Navy was induced to send two more cadets to the Royal Naval College and two to the French Maritime School at Paris. The two cadets sent to England were Nixon and Shock. Shock lost his reason through over-study, and shot himself in the head. Nixon was graduated with honors, and returned to be an assistant naval constructor. He resigned from the navy three years ago, and accepted a position at the Cramps' ship-yard, where he superintended the construction of many of the great war-vessels recently added to the navy. Lately he has gone into business for himself. Naval-Constructor Linnard, who has been the representative of the department at the Cramps' ship-yard, was one of the two cadets who went to the Paris school in 1882. The other, Joseph J. Woodward, is a naval constructor, with the grade of Lieutenant.

Taylor and Armistead were the next cadets sent to the Royal Naval College. Taylor had been graduated first in his class at the Naval Academy. He kept up his record abroad, for he was graduated from the Naval College with the highest honors ever attained by any one in that institution. He is a naval constructor now.

Up to the time of Taylor's assignment to the Naval College, the government had made no provision for the expenses of the cadet abroad. He received the regular pay of his grade. But in the case of a cadet the pay was only $500, and in the case of an ensign (a cadet who had made a two years' cruise before going abroad) it was only $1000. The actual cost of living at the Naval College is about $1200. This includes, of course, books and all other equipment, as well as board and lodging. Taylor made an appeal to the department against the injustice of having to pay for an education which was being had, theoretically at least, for the benefit of the navy. The Secretary of the Navy then made an allowance of $40 a month to all officers studying abroad, and this allowance is made to-day.

The usual course at the Naval College is three years. At the Paris Maritime School the course is two years, but the student is expected to take a preliminary course of two years at the Polytechnic. The Polytechnic course, however, can be covered by graduates of Annapolis in a year. At Glasgow, where there is a very complete course in naval architecture at the Glasgow University, the regular course is two years, and there is a finishing course of one year. So the American officer who goes abroad is pretty sure to remain three years before he completes his education. It has been the policy of the Navy Department to have six students abroad at one time, though they have not always been equally divided between the three institutions named. The two who graduated every year have been quite enough to supply any deficiencies in the force of naval architects in the service.

Some naval officers profess to believe that the reason for the refusal of the Royal Naval College to accept any more students from abroad was to be found in the fact that the records of the American students eclipsed those of their own English scholars. There is undoubtedly a better reason than this for the action of the English government. The courtesy which has been extended for so many years to friendly nations was not reciprocated by many of them; and certainly the American navy owes to England a debt which is not likely to be repaid in kind.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

VI.

THE men folks had finished their breakfast and gone to their farm-work hours before Westover came down to his breakfast, but the boy seemed to be of as much early leisure as himself, and was lounging on the threshold of the back door, with his dog in waiting upon him. He gave the effect of yesterday's cleanliness freshened up with more recent soap and water. At the moment Westover caught sight of him, he heard his mother calling to him from the kitchen, "Well, now, come in and get your breakfast, Jeff," and the boy called to Westover, in turn, "I'll tell her you're here," as he rose and came in-doors. "I guess she's got your breakfast for you."

Mrs. Durgin brought the breakfast almost as soon as Westover had found his way to the table, and she lingered as if for some expression of his opinion upon it. The biscuit and the butter were very good, and he said so; the eggs were fresh, and the hash from yesterday's corned beef could not have been better, and he praised them; but he was silent about the coffee.

"It a'n't very good," she suggested.

"Why, I'm used to making my own coffee; I lived so long in a country where it's nearly the whole of breakfast that I got into the habit of it, and I always carry my little machine with me; but I don't like to bring it out, unless—"

"Unless you can't stand the other folks's," said the woman, with a humorous gleam. "Well, you needn't mind me. I want you should have good coffee, and I guess I a'n't too old to learn, if you want to show me. Our folks don't care for it much; they like tea; and I kind of got out of the way of it. But at home we had to have it." She explained, to his inquiring glance. "My father kept the tavern on the old road to St. Albans, on the other side of Lion's Head. That's where I always lived, till I married here."

"Oh," said Westover, and he felt that she had proudly wished to account for a quality which she hoped he had noticed in her cooking. He thought she might be going to tell him something more of herself, but she only said, "Well, any time you want to show me your way of makin' coffee," and went out of the room.

That evening, which was the close of another flawless day, he sat again watching the light outside, when he saw her come into the hallway with a large shade-lamp in her hand. She stopped at the door of a room he had not seen yet, and looked out at him to ask, "Won't you come in and set in the parlor, if you want to?"

He found her there when he came in, and her two sons with her; the younger was sleepily putting away some school books, and the elder seemed to have been helping him with his lessons.

"He's got to begin school next week," she said to Westover; and at the preparations the other now began to make with a piece of paper and a planchette which he had on the table before him, she asked, in the half-mocking, half-deprecating way which seemed characteristic of her, "You believe any in that?"

"I don't know that I've ever seen it work," said the painter.

"Well, sometimes it *won't* work," she returned, altogether mockingly now, and sat holding her shapely hands, which were neither so large nor so rough as they might have been, across her middle, and watching her son while the machine pushed about under his palm, and he bent his wan eyes upon one of the oval-framed photographs on the wall, as if rapt in a supernal vision. The boy stared drowsily at the planchette, jerking this way and that, and making abrupt starts and stops. At last the young man lifted his palm from it, and put it aside to study the hieroglyphics it had left on the paper.

"What's it say?" asked his mother.

The young man whispered, "I can't seem to make out very clear. I guess I got to take a little time to it," he added, leaning back wearily in his chair. "Ever seen much of the manifestations?" he gasped at Westover.

"Never any, before," said the painter, with a leniency for the invalid which he did not feel for his belief.

The young man tried for his voice, and found enough of it to say: "There's a trance medium over at the Huddle. Her control says 't I can develop into a writin' medium." He seemed to refer the fact as a sort of question to Westover, who could think of nothing to say but that it must be very interesting to feel that one had such a power.

"I guess he don't know he's got it yet," his mother interposed. "And plantchette don't seem to know either."

"We ha'n't given it a fair trial yet," said the young man, impartially, almost impassively.

"Wouldn't you like to see it do some of your sums, Jeff?" said the mother to the drowsy boy, blinking in a corner. "You better go to bed."

The elder brother rose. "I guess I'll go too."

The father had not joined their circle in the parlor, now breaking up by common consent.

Mrs. Durgin took up her lamp again, and looked round on the appointments of the room, as if she wished Westover to note them too: the drab wall-paper, the stiff chairs, the long hard sofa in hair-cloth, the high bureau of mahogany veneer.

"You can come in here and set, or lay down, whenever you feel like it," she said. "We use it more than folks generally, I presume; we got in the habit, havin' it open for funerals."

VII.

Four or five days of perfect weather followed one another, and Westover worked hard at his picture in the late afternoon light he had chosen for it. In the morning he tramped through the woods and climbed the hills with Jeff Durgin, who seemed never to do anything about the farm, and had a leisure unbroken by anything except a rare call from his mother to help her in the house. He built the kitchen fire, and got the wood for it; he picked the belated pease and the early beans in the garden, and shelled them; on the Monday when the school opened he did a share of the family wash, which seemed to have been begun before daylight, and Westover saw him hanging out the clothes before he started off with his books. He suffered no apparent loss of self-respect in these employments, and while he still had his days free he put himself at Westover's disposal with an effect of unimpaired equality. He had expected evidently that Westover would want to fish or shoot, or at least join him in the hunt for woodchucks, which he still carried on with abated zeal for lack of his company when the painter sat down to sketch certain bits that struck him. When he found that Westover cared for nothing in the way of sport, as people commonly understand it, he did not openly contemn him. He helped him get the flowers he studied, and he learned to know true mushrooms from him, though he did not follow his teaching in eating the toadstools, as his mother called them, when they brought them home to be cooked.

If it could not be said that he shared the affection which began to grow up in Westover from their companionship, there could be no doubt of the interest he took in him, though it often seemed the same critical curiosity which appeared in the eye of his dog when it dwelt upon the painter. Fox had divined in his way that Westover was not only not to be molested, but was to be respectfully tolerated, yet no gleam of kindness ever lighted up his face at sight of the painter; he never wagged his tail in recognition of him; he simply recognized him, and no more, and he remained passive under Westover's advances, which he had the effect of covertly referring to Jeff, when the boy was by, for his approval or disapproval; when he was not by, the dog's manner implied a reservation of opinion until the facts could be submitted to his master.

On the Saturday morning which was the last they were to have together, the three comrades had strayed from the vague wood road along one of the unexpected levels on the mountain slopes, and had come to a standstill in a place which the boy pretended not to know his way out of. Westover doubted him, for he had found that Jeff liked to give himself credit for woodcraft by discovering an escape from the depths of trackless wildernesses.

"I guess you know where we are," he suggested.

"No, honestly," said the boy; but he grinned, and Westover still doubted him.

"Hark! What's that?" he said, hushing further speech from him with a motion of his hand. It was the sound of an axe.

"Oh, *I* know where we are!" said Jeff. "It's that Canuck chopping in Whitwell's clearing. Come along!"

He led the way briskly down the mountain-side now, stopping from time to time, and verifying his course by the sound of the axe. This came and went, and by-and-by it ceased altogether, and then Jeff crept forward with a real or feigned uncertainty. Suddenly he stopped. A voice called, "Heigh, there!" and the boy turned and fled, crashing through the underbrush at a tangent, with his dog at his heels.

Westover looked after them, and then came forward. A lank figure of a man at the foot of a poplar, which he had begun to fell, stood waiting him, one hand on his axe-helve and the other on his hip. There was the scent of freshly smitten bark and sap-wood in the air; the ground was paved with broad clean chips.

"Good-morning," said Westover.

"*How* are you?" returned the other, without moving or making any sign of welcome for a moment. But then he lifted his axe, and struck it into the carf on the tree, and came to meet Westover.

As he advanced he held out his hand. "Oh, you're the one that stopped that fellow that day when he was tryin' to scare my children. Well, I *thought* I should run across you, some time." He shook hands with Westover, in token of the gratitude which did not express itself in words. "How *are* you? Treat you pretty well up at the Durgins? *I* guess so. The old woman knows how to cook, anyway. Jackson's about the best o' the lot *above* ground, though I don't know as I know very much against the old man, either. But that boy, I declare I 'most feel like takin' the top of his head off when he gets at his tricks. Set down."

Whitwell, as Westover divined the man to be, took a seat himself on a high stump, which suited his length of leg, and courteously waved Westover to a place on the log in front of him. A long ragged beard of brown, with lines of gray in it, hung from his chin, and mounted well up on his thin cheeks towards his friendly eyes. His mustache lay sunken on his lip, which had fallen in with the loss of his upper teeth. From the lower jaw a few incisors showed at this slant and that as he talked.

"Well, well!" he said, with the air of wishing the talk to go on, but without having anything immediately to offer himself.

Westover said, "Thank you," as he dropped on the log, and Whitwell added, relentingly, "I don't suppose a fellow's so much to blame, if he's got the devil in him, as what the devil is."

He referred the point with a twinkle of his eyes to Westover, who said: "It's always a question, of course, whether it's the devil. It may be original sin with the fellow himself."

"Well, that's something so," said Whitwell, with pleasure in the distinction rather than assent. "But I guess it ain't *original* sin in the boy. Got it from his gran'father pootty straight, I should say, and maybe the old *man* had it second-hand. Ha'd to say just where so much cussedness gets started."

"His father's father?" asked Westover, willing to humor Whitwell's evident wish to philosophize the Durgins's history.

"Mother's. He kept the old tavern stand on the west side of Lion's Head, on the St. Albans Road, and I guess he kept a pootty good house in the old times when the stages stopped with him. Ever noticed how a man on the mean side in politics always knows how to keep a hotel? Well, it's something curious. If there was ever a mean side of any question, old Mason was on it. My folks used to live around there, and I can remember when I was a boy hangin' around the bar-room nights hearin' him argue that colored folks had no souls; and along about the time the fugitive slave law was passed, the folks pootty near run him out o' town for puttin' the United States Marshal on the scent of a fellow that was breakin' for Canada. Well, it was just so when the war come. It was known for a fact that he was in with them Secesh devils up over the line that was plannin' a raid into Vermont in '63. He'd got pootty low down by that time; railroads took off all the travel; tavern'd got to be a regular doggery; old man *always* drank some, I guess. That was a good while after his girl had married Durgin. He was dead against it, and it broke him up consid'able when she would *have* him. Well, one night, the old stand burnt up and him in it, and neither one of 'em insured!"

Whitwell laughed with a pleasure in his satire which gave the movements in his lower jaw a rather sinister action. But as if he felt a rebuke in Westover's silence, he added: "There ain't anything against Mis' Durgin. She's done her part, and she's had more than her share of hard knocks. If she was tough, to start with, she's had blows enough to meller her. But that's the way I account for the boy. I s'pose I'd oughtn't to feel the way I do about him, but he's such a pest to the whole neighborhood, that he'd have the most pop'la' fune'l— Well, I guess I've said enough. I'm much obliged to *you*, though, Mr. —"

"Westover," the painter suggested. "But the boy isn't so bad, all the time."

"*Couldn't* be!" said Whitwell, with a cackle of humorous enjoyment. "He has his spells of bein' decent, and he's pootty smart, too. But when the other spell ketches him, it's like as if the devil got a hold of him, as I said in the first *place*. I lost my wife, here, two-three years along back, and that little girl you see him tormentin', she's a regular little mother to her brother; and whenever Jeff Durgin sees her with him, seems as if the Old Scratch got into him. Well, I'm glad I didn't come across him, that day. How you gittin' along with Lion's Head? *Sets* quiet enough for you!" Whitwell rose from the stump, and brushed the clingin' chips from his thighs. "Folks trouble you any, lookin' on?"

"Not yet," said Westover.

"Well, there ain't a great many *to*," said Whitwell, going back to his axe. "I should like to see you workin' some day. Do' know as I ever saw an attist *at* it."

"I should like to have you," said Westover. "Any time."

"All right." Whitwell pulled his axe out of the carf, and struck it in again with a force that made a wide, square chip leap out. He looked over his shoulder at Westover, who was moving away. "Say! Stop in, some time you're passin'. I live in that wood-colored house at the foot of the Durgins' lane."

VIII.

In a little sunken place, behind a rock, some rods away, Westover found Jeff lurking with his dog, both silent and motionless. "Hello!" he said, inquiringly.

"Come back to show you the way," said the boy. "Thought you couldn't find it alone."

"Oh! Why didn't you say you'd wait?" The boy grinned. "I shouldn't think a fellow like you would want to be afraid of any man, even for the fun of scaring a little girl." Jeff stopped grinning, and looked interested, as if this was a view of the case that had not occurred to him. "But perhaps you like to be afraid?"

"I don't know as I do," said the boy, and Westover left him to the question a great part of the way home. He did not express any regret, or promise any reparation. But a few days after that, when he had begun to convoy parties of children up to see Westover at work, in the late afternoon, on their way home from school, and to show the painter off to them as a sort of family property, he once brought the young Whitwells. He seemed on perfect terms with them now, and when the crowd of larger children hindered the little boy's view of the picture, Jeff, in his quality of host, lifted him under his arms and held him up so that he could look as long as he liked.

The girl seemed ashamed of the good understanding, before Westover. Jeff offered to make a place for her among the other children who had looked long enough, but she pulled the front of her bonnet across her face and said that she did not want to look, and caught her brother by the hand and ran away with him. Westover thought this charming somehow; he liked the intense shyness which the child's intense passion had hidden from him before.

Jeff acted as host to all the neighbors who came to inspect the picture, and they all came, within a circuit of several miles around, and gave him their opinions freely, or scantly, according to their several temperaments. They were mainly favorable, though there was some frank criticism, too, spoken over the painter's shoulder as openly as if he were not by. There was no question but of likeness; all finer facts were far from them; they wished to see how good a portrait Westover had made, and some of them consoled him with the suggestion that the likeness would come out more when the picture got dry.

Whitwell when he came attempted a larger view of the artist's work, but apparently more out of kindness for him than admiration of the picture. He said he presumed you could not always get a thing like that just right, the first time, and that you had to keep trying till you did get it; but it paid in the end. Jeff had stolen down from the house with his dog, drawn by the fascination which one we have injured always has for us; when Whitwell sud-

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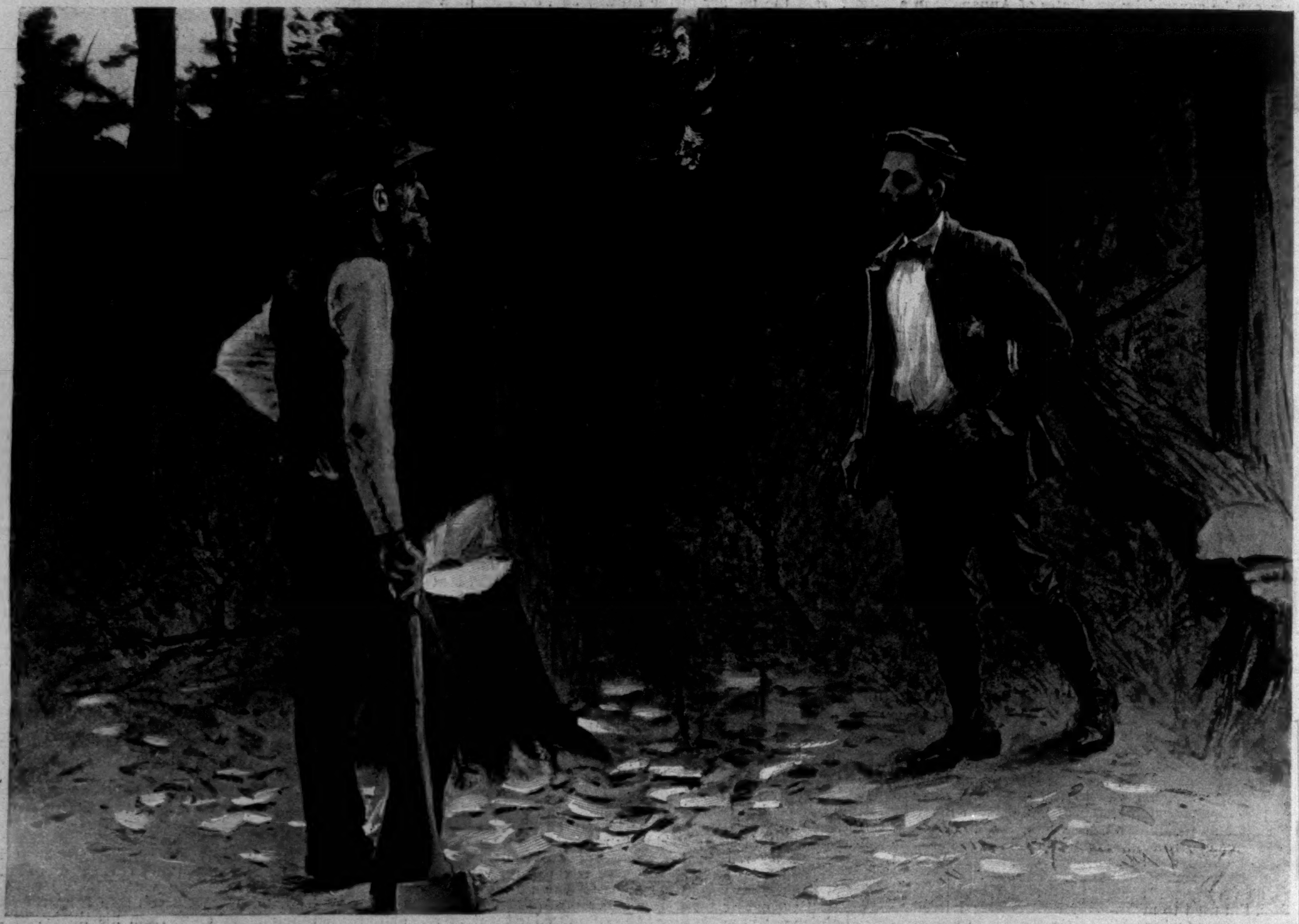
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.



"A LANK FIGURE OF A MAN AT THE FOOT OF A POPLAR STOOD WAITING HIM."

denly turned upon him, and asked, jocularly, "What do you think, Jeff?" the boy could only kick his dog, and drive it home, as a means of hiding his feelings.

He brought the teacher to see the picture, the last Friday before the painter went away. She was a cold-looking, austere girl, pretty enough, with eyes that wandered away from the young man, although Jeff used all his arts to make her feel at home in his presence. She pretended to have merely stopped on her way up to see Mrs. Durgin; and she did not venture any comment on the painting; but when Westover asked something about her school, she answered him promptly enough, as to the number and ages and sexes of the school-children. He ventured so far toward a joke with her as to ask if she had much trouble with such a tough subject as Jeff, and she said he could be good enough when he had a mind. If he could get over his teasing, she said, with the air of reading him a lecture, she would not have anything to complain of; and Jeff looked ashamed, but rather of the praise than the blame. His humiliation seemed complete when she said, finally, "He's a good scholar."

On the Tuesday following, Westover meant to go. It was the end of his third week, and it had brought him into September. The weather since he had begun to paint Lion's Head was perfect for his work; but with the long drought it had grown very warm. Many trees now had flamed into crimson on the hill slopes; the yellowing corn in the fields gave out a thin dry sound as the delicate wind stirred the blades; but only the sounds and sights were autumnal. The heat was oppressive at midday, and at night the cold had lost its edge. There was no dew, and Mrs. Durgin sat out with Westover on the porch while he smoked a final pipe there. She had come to join him for some fixed purpose apparently, and she called to her boy, "You go to bed, Jeff," as if she wished to be alone with Westover; the men folks were already in bed; he could hear them cough, now and then.

"Mr. Westover," the woman began, even as she swept her skirts forward before she sat down, "I want to ask you whether you would let that picture of yours go on part board? I'll give you back just as much as you say of this money."

He looked round and saw that she had, in the hand dropped in her lap the bills he had given her after supper.

"Why, I couldn't, very well, Mrs. Durgin," he began.

"I presume you'll think I'm foolish," she pursued. "But I do want that picture; I don't know when I've ever wanted a thing more. It's just like Lion's Head, the way I've seen it, day in and day out, every summer since I came here thirty-five years ago; it's beautiful!"

"Mrs. Durgin," said Westover, "you gratify me more than I can tell you. I wish—I wish I could let you have the picture. I—I don't know what to say—"

"Why *don't* you let me have it, then? If we ever had to go away from here—if anything happened to us—it's the one thing I should want to keep, and take with me. There! That's the way I feel about it. I can't explain; but I do *wish* you'd let me have it."

Some emotion which did not utter itself in the desire she professed made her voice shake in the words. She held out the bank-notes to him, and they rustled with the tremor of her hand.

"Mrs. Durgin, I suppose I shall have to be frank with you, and you mustn't feel hurt. I have to live by my work, and I have to get as much as I can for it—"

"That's what I *say*. I don't want to beat you down on it. I'll give you whatever you think is right. It's my money, and my husband feels just as I do about it," she urged.

"You don't quite understand," he said, gently. "I expect to have an exhibition of my pictures in Boston this fall, and I hope to get two or three hundred dollars for Lion's Head."

"I've been a *proper* fool!" cried the woman, and she drew in a long breath.

"Oh, don't mind," he begged. "It's all right. I've never had any offer for a picture that I'd rather take than yours. I know the thing can't be altogether bad after what you've said. And I'll tell you what! I'll have it photographed when I get to Boston, and I'll send you a photograph of it."

"How much will that be?" Mrs. Durgin asked, as if taught caution by her offer for the painting.

"Nothing. And if you'll accept it, and hang it up here somewhere, I shall be very glad."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Durgin, and the meekness, the wounded pride, he fancied in her, touched him.

He did not know at first how to break the silence which she let follow upon her words. At last he said: "You spoke, just now, about taking it with you. Of course you don't think of leaving Lion's Head!"

She did not answer for so long a time that he thought she had not perhaps heard him, or heeded what he said; but she answered, finally: "We did think of it. The day you came we had about made up our minds to leave."

"Oh!"

"But I've been thinkin' of something since you've been here that I don't know but you'll say is about as wild as wantin' to buy a three-hundred-dollar picture with a week's board." She gave a short self-scornful laugh; but it was a laugh, and it relieved the tension.

"It may not be worth any more," he said, glad of the relief.

"Oh, I guess it is," she rejoined, and then she waited for him to prompt her.

"Well?"

"Well, it's this; and I *wanted* to ask you, anyway. You think there'd be any chance of my gettin' summer folks to come here and board, if I was to put an advertisement in a Boston paper? I know it's a lonesome place, and there ain't what you may call attractions. But the folks from the hotels, sometimes, when they ride over in the stage to see the view, praise up the scenery, and I guess it *is* sightly. I know that well enough; and I ain't afraid but what I can do for boarders, as well as some, if not better. What do you think?"

"I think that's a capital idea, Mrs. Durgin."

"It's that, or go," she said. "There ain't a livin' for us on the farm any more, and we got to do somethin'. If there was anything else I *could* do! But I've thought it out, and *thought* it out, and I guess there ain't anything I can do but take boarders—if I can get them."

"I should think you'd find it rather pleasant, on some accounts. Your boarders would be company for you," said Westover.

"We're company enough for ourselves," said Mrs. Durgin. "I ain't ever been lonesome here, from the first minute. I guess I had company enough when I was a girl to last me—the sort that hotel folks are. I presume Mr. Whitwell spoke to you about my father?"

"Yes; he did, Mrs. Durgin."

"I don't presume he said anything that wa'n't true. It's all right. But I know how my mother used to slave, and how I used to slave myself; and I always said I'd rather do anything than wait on boarders; and now I guess I got to come to it. The sight of summer folks makes me sick! I guess I could 'a' had 'em long ago, if I'd wanted to. There! I've said enough." She rose, with a sudden lift of her powerful frame, and stood a moment as if expecting Westover to say something.

He said, "Well, when you've made your mind up, send your advertisement to me, and I'll attend to it for you."

"And you won't forget about the picture?"

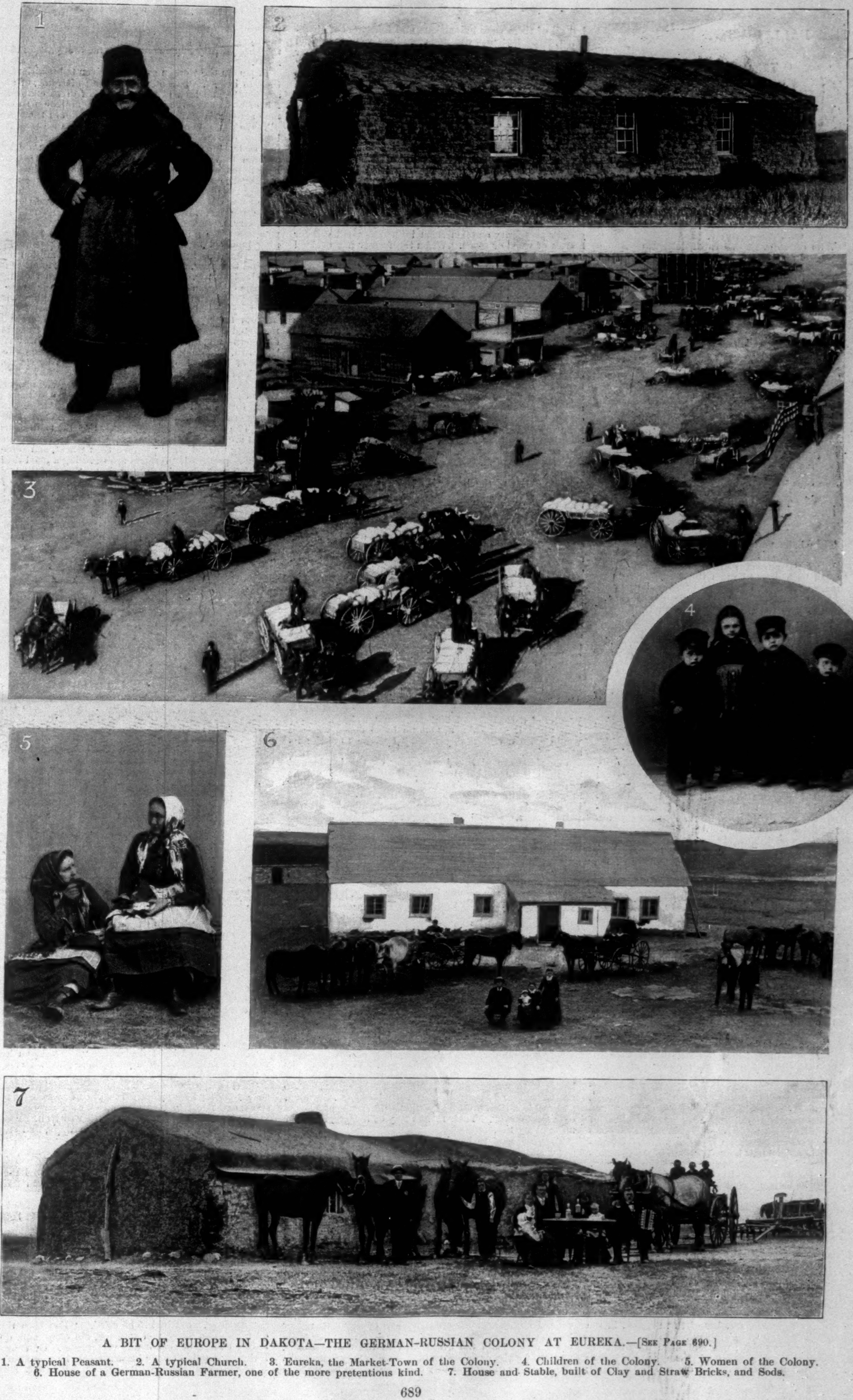
"No. I won't forget that."

The next morning he made ready for an early start, and in his preparations he had the zealous and even affectionate help of Jeff Durgin. The boy seemed to wish him to carry away the best impression of him, or at least to make him forget all that had been sinister or unpleasant in his behavior. They had been good comrades since the first evil day; they had become good friends even; and Westover was touched by the boy's devotion at parting. He helped the painter get his pack together in good shape, and he took pride in strapping it on Westover's shoulders, adjusting and readjusting it with care, and fastening it so that all should be safe and snug. He lingered about at the risk of being late for school, in order to see the last of the painter, and he waved his hat to him when Westover looked back at the house from half down the lane. Then he vanished, and Westover went slowly on till he reached that corner of the orchard where the slanting gravestones of the family burial-ground showed above the low wall. There suddenly a storm burst upon him. The air rained apples, that struck him on the head, the back, the side, and pelted in violent succession on his knapsack and canvases, camp-stool and easel. He seemed assailed by four or five skilful marksmen, whose missiles all told.

When he could lift his face to look round, he heard a shrill, accusing voice, "Oh, Jeff *Durgin!*" and he saw another storm of apples fly through the air toward the little Whitwell girl, who dodged and ran along the road below, and escaped in the direction of the school-house. Then the boy's face showed itself over the top of one of the gravestones, all agrin with joy. He waited and watched Westover keep slowly on, as if nothing had happened, and presently he let some apples fall from his hands, and walked slowly back to the house, with his dog at his heels.

When Westover reached the level of the road, and the shelter of the woods near Whitwell's house, he unstrapped his load to see how much harm had been done to his picture. He found it unhurt, and before he had got the burden back again, he saw Jeff Durgin leaping along the road toward the school-house, whirling his satchel of books about his head, and shouting gayly to the girl, now hidden by the bushes at the other end of the lane: "Cynthy! Oh, Cynthy! Wait for me! I want to tell you something."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A BIT OF EUROPE IN DAKOTA—THE GERMAN-RUSSIAN COLONY AT EUREKA.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

1. A typical Peasant. 2. A typical Church. 3. Eureka, the Market-Town of the Colony. 4. Children of the Colony. 5. Women of the Colony. 6. House of a German-Russian Farmer, one of the more pretentious kind. 7. House and Stable, built of Clay and Straw Bricks, and Sods.

THE FALL OF THE BOSSES.

I.

O Thomas Platt,
Where are you at?
How have you lost your grip?
How did it slip?
Where has it gone, that grip of thine?
Where grows the vine,
Yclept woodbine?
Or has it for its health gone o'er the brine?
Where is the ice that once you cut?
Pray tell us that,
O Platt;
Tell without bluster, if, or but,
Where is all that ice you used to cut?

II.

And you too, Quay,
Of Pennsylvaniay,
Who drove great droves of delegates
In several States
Not many moons gone by,
Where is that vote-compelling eye
Of thine?
Where is the line
Of well-heeled heelers to whom you seemed a god,
Obeyed your slightest nod,
And cried aloud with mouthings great,
"As Matt Quay winks, so goes the State"?
Whose wink, we pray,
Do these men now obey?

III.

Reed, where art thou
Just now?
Once autocrat—
No doubt of that!
Where is the hand that once the gavel held
And mutiny dispelled?
What hidden axe hath felled
This mighty oak?
Say what hath broke
In one short hour
That woundrous power?

IV.

You cannot say?
Then bend your several ears this way
And I will tell,
For I the answer know full well.
Another sun hath dawned upon the scene,
His pouch well filled with yellow dross and green,
Who hath the hand of Reed, the eagle eye of Matt,
And cuts the ice once cut by Thomas Platt.
Upon his tasselled banner
Are seen the words, "Hosanna!
There's nothing the matter with Hanna!"
His gain, your loss.
He stands the great composite boss.
Three shrunk to one, and strong as three!
To him belongs the victory.
He's got you down; you've no more chance for spoil
Than hath one whale against the Standard Oil.

J. K. B.

A BIT OF EUROPE IN DAKOTA.

Away out near the border-line of the two Dakotas, perhaps thirty miles from the Missouri and seventy from Fort Yates, lies a stretch of rolling prairie-land where lives a colony of peasants the most remarkable, in certain ways, to be found in this country. They are self-isolated from the rest of the world, save as they communicate through the medium of their marketing-place, the little town of Eureka. They have established a small section of Europe in the New World, and they are very, very slow to merge it into the type and texture of the newer civilization.

Just a word of history may make the life of this colony more interesting:

Toward the close of the last century the Russian government invited a large number of thrifty German farmers to go to the fertile region in the vicinity of the present city of Odessa, there to establish farms and to bear an agricultural influence upon the roving tribes in the region. Each family was given a comfortable farm, and the utmost freedom was promised. They were to be exempt from military service, to be allowed to maintain their allegiance to the German state of which they were a political part, and were to be allowed the fullest religious freedom. They settled in villages, going out by day to till their farms and returning to their villages by night.

But as the years passed, the Russian government began to lose sight of its old-time promises as new rulers came to the throne, and the peasants found their rights slipping away from them—found that in their courts, their language, and their religion they were becoming assuredly more and more Russian than German. In brief, after many years, they sought a home in America. Emissaries came out from Odessa and looked over the plains of Dakota. Some time about the year 1870 large numbers of these German-Russians settled near Yankton. Ten years later another agent reached the Western plains. He was commissioned to find a new home for more of the peasants who were tired of the encroachments of the Russians. He sought a degree of latitude as near to that of the Russian home of the peasants as possible. On the wide prairie where Eureka is located, just eleven miles north of the latitude of the city of Odessa, he chose a home for his people. The soil was like that of the region where they lived in Russia; the climate was the same; the country was one of absolute, not conditional, freedom.

As soon as the news could be communicated to Russia the hegira from Odessa began. In 1887–8 over nine thousand came; in 1889–90, three thousand; in 1891–2, four thousand five hundred—all of them settling in the region close about Eureka, and beginning at once the cultivation of wheat on the same careful, methodical plans that they and their ancestors had followed from the old German days down. The largest number of them settled in the counties of McPherson and Campbell.

Some families were poor; many of them were in comfortable circumstances; some of them were rich, as wealth goes among those who till the soil for a living; but all of them were industrious, and inheritors of ancestral thrift. But they did not assimilate with American ways and customs—perhaps because there was neither opportunity nor inclination. They were a people by themselves as much as they were when, still German to the core, they toiled in the wheat-fields of Russia. The men assumed early the obligations of American citizenship, but for the most part they remained distinctively foreign.

Recently I visited this queer town of Eureka. There are changes going on, but very slowly; and it will be more than one generation, as things are moving now, before these foreigners are fully Americanized.

Low-roofed and broad are the houses of these peasants, veritable homes of earth. They are not the sod shanties of the Western boomer by any means, for these foreigners have a way of building for the future. They construct their homes in curious fashion, and build them so substantially they will last half a century if necessary—last until greater prosperity and American influences shall call for houses of wood or stone. When the farmer has decided upon the location of his house, he ploughs up the heavy sod in the swale at the foot of one of the low Cotteau Hills and draws it to his house in long strips. This sod is the roof for his house. He has been making bricks for days, huge clay and straw bricks, perhaps twelve inches thick by eighteen inches long. The clay subsoil affords material for a brick that will last for years. After the bricks are sun-dried they are laid up for his walls, the joints being properly broken. The interstices between the bricks are filled in with clay in a soft mass, making the wall solid and about two feet in thickness. The color of one of these walls as you see it on the prairie is a dark soft gray; or when, as in some cases, it is plastered upon the outside, it is lighter in color. The walls are probably not more than seven feet high. From them coarse boards are built to a ridge-pole in the centre to form a foundation for the sod roof. The sod strips are then laid upon the roof boards, still bearing their grassy furze, and the places between the strips are filled in with gravel and clay in a coarse stucco, making the roof rain and cold proof.

The interior of the house is not so gloomy a place as you might expect. It is composed in some cases of only two rooms; sometimes there are four or five. In the centre there is a wide hall. Opening from this are doorways to the other apartments. There are two heating plants in the house frequently, bordering upon this hall. They are built of clay and the granite cobble-stones which are thick upon the prairie in the vicinity. These stoves or ovens are several feet square, and they have wide hearths and a somewhat rude top. There is a large chimney connecting with the roof. Hay or straw is stuffed into the stove. It burns furiously and with a tremendous heat. As soon as the smoke has passed up the chimney a damper in the chimney is closed, and the clay and cobble-stones husband the heat for many hours. One firing at night and one in the morning are sufficient for the twenty-four hours. There are windows for ventilation and light, but the tendency in the severe cold weather is to keep the houses far too warm for health. The extreme contrast between the heat of the house and the cold of a Dakota winter is responsible for a great deal of eye-trouble among these immigrants. Not only is the house cold-proof, but it is fire-proof, and the fiercest prairie fires may leap upon it and over it, and no harm come, while it would take a remarkably healthy cyclone to shake its squat walls.

The walls are plastered with clay on the inside, and are then painted or kalsomined, the ceilings in almost all instances being tinted a pronounced blue. The walls are plain white or decorated. In this decoration much ingenuity is shown. The body of the wall will first be painted white. Then with long corn-cobs and different-colored kalsomines the walls are done in different-colored strips the width of the cob's length, which is dipped in the coloring matter and rolled up and down the walls, making a queer but not inartistic graining effect. There is generally a piece of wainscoting of some neutral tint, from three to four feet high.

The floor in the poorer houses is of clay, hardened to stone almost, and easily swept. Floors of wood are found in the better class of houses. There is as much attempt at homespun adornment as you would find in the home of the average Western farmer, perhaps more, while some of the houses are furnished with some degree of luxury.

The home life of these peasants seems to be particularly happy. By far the greater number of them are church-goers, Lutherans and Presbyterians predominating. They have maintained their Old World simplicity at table, though their boards may be more generously garnished with delicacies than was the Russian custom. They buy but very little in the way of groceries. Sugar, tea, and flour will very nearly complete the list. They make large, fine loaves of bread in their big ovens, the steady and regular heat being especially adapted to such baking. Of desserts they are innocent. Vegetables they raise—or go without. Some meat finds its way into their larder if they raise animals for food themselves. I do not know that I ever saw a healthier lot of men, women, and children than those I saw filling the streets of Eureka on a market-day. Their menus may be meagre, but their muscles are not.

They are said to be a peculiarly honest people. The same simple, plain, common life they followed on the plains of Odessa has been followed here, and they have been wholly unprepared for the ways of the land-shark and the chattel-mortgage fiend.

It takes not so very long a time for the men to drop some part of their Old World style of garb, their sharp-visored caps and their great top-boots and their leathern jackets, for they cannot so well replace them here, and they buy their new garments of the native type. But the women are slower to change. They are still clinging religiously to their bright short skirts, their white aprons, their shawls about their heads. The folded shawl about the head will be the last garment that will succumb to American influences. What a royal lot of colors they come out in on a market-day! Such gay finery as I saw—shawls for the head, of many hues, embroidered in fancy-colored silk-thread patterns; bodices of black or red or yellow; skirts of red or purple or green falling like truncated cones from the broad hips to the coarse shoes; aprons of white or yellow or pink—verily they presented a kaleidoscope of color as they sauntered about the market-place or into the small stores, waiting for the horses or the oxen to finish their mid-day meals; then to take up the long journey homeward across the dim prairies in the night.

In person the women are small, given to breadth rather than to height. The men are strong of frame, of average height, and look to be possessed of great endurance. All of them have the rather sallow complexion so common among the immigrants from the realm of the Czar.

These peasants are not only unique because they have brought into America a small section of Europe, maintaining their language and customs intact, but they have a claim to a uniqueness of another kind, in that they haul to market in the town of Eureka more grain than is marketed in any other primary wheat market in the world. During the period between the day when the first load of wheat was drawn into Eureka last autumn and the time when the last load of the season was hauled in mid-February, there were unloaded from the wagons of these peasants three million bushels of wheat. In 1888 about nine hundred thousand bushels were marketed. Four years later this had been increased to two million bushels, and this year, so prodigious is the crop, another million bushels was added. Out of the wagons of these German-Russian peasants, who learned their trade of wheat-growing in the Old World, is unloaded more wheat year by year than at any other place in the world.

From twenty to fifty thousand bushels of grain are marketed per day. Much of this is hauled in from long distances—sometimes sixty or seventy miles away from the town. Some of the farmers still cling to the ox-team mode of locomotion, and haul their wheat by slow and laborious stages. The wheat is shipped out as rapidly as possible. There are thirty-one different grain firms represented among the buyers on the market, and there are about forty small elevators and grain warehouses, with a storage capacity of nearly three hundred thousand bushels. The grain comes in so rapidly that the train-loads of wheat are very heavy. Poor crops a few years ago caused a turning toward other produce than wheat, and some of the more progressive farmers are devoting a good deal of attention to stock and dairy farming. Some of the houses look at a distance to be abnormally long, due to the fact that the barn and the dairy are under the same roof—a continuation, in fact, of the house itself.

While this town of Eureka is the end of the railroad and on the very frontier, and while some eight or ten saloons run at full blast, even in prohibition South Dakota, yet it is a remarkably sober and unquarrelsome lot of people who throng into this queer little place to send their wheat into the great arteries of trade. Almost to a man the male members of the colony smoke cigarettes; pipes seem to be at a discount.

It will doubtless be many years before these peasants shake off their picturesqueness, if they shall be left to themselves as much as they are to-day.

W. S. Harwood.

THE STORY I TOLD GILLESPIE.

Of course it was very kind of Derwent to give Gillespie a letter to me, and I trust Gillespie appreciated it. To do him justice, I think he did. And of course I am always glad to do anything within reason for any friend of Derwent's, but it was a little mean of him to tell Gillespie in advance what a clever fellow I was, and to raise his expectations to so high a pitch that I was kept on the *qui vive* all the time to meet them.

"Derwent's always talking about you," Gillespie announced, the first thing. "He says you've got the greatest fund of anecdotes, you know, of any chap he ever knew. Now I'm only over here for a short stop, and I shall hope to take a jolly lot of American stories 'ome with me."

Naturally that was enough to shut me up like a watch, but when I found what an easy victim Gillespie was, I soon warmed up to the work. Any old thing went with Gillespie, sometimes with a few words of explanation; but he was insatiable, and kept demanding more, until I had told him every story I had ever heard or read, or, at least, that I could remember. So I had to invent some important business to take me out of town to recuperate. Gillespie came down to the train to see me off. I saw that I must make one last effort, so I let him have the only one that I had kept back. It was about an Englishman, but it was that or nothing.

"Dear me," I said, looking at my ticket, "I mustn't forget where I am going."

"Oh, you wouldn't be likely to do that, would you?" inquired the guileless Gillespie.

"Well, I don't know; I might," I replied. "I knew a little dog once that did."

"A little dog! Oh, come now, you're chaffin'," said Gillespie.

"Not a bit of it," I declared. "I'll tell you how it was. I was on the station platform at Manchester—"

"In the old country?"

"Yes; three years ago. The luggage-man had a jolly little fox-terrier by a string. It was capering about full of sport, and ready to make friends with everybody. The luggage-man, however, seemed rather distrait. I was attracted by the little fellow's playful ways, and stopped to pat him.

"'Where's he going?' I asked the luggage-man, by way of breaking the conversational ice.

"'That's w'at hi'd like to know,' answered the luggage-man; 'but hi don't know, you know, and no more does 'e. 'E's eat 'is tag!'"

"By Jove, that *was* awkward!" was Gillespie's intelligent comment; "but nothin' of the sort would be likely to happen to you."

We parted more in sorrow than in anger, at least I did, and with the firm resolve not to return until Gillespie had gone.

In three days I thought it would be safe to come back; and, sure enough, when I swung off the car, there was Gillespie ready to get aboard with his rugs, his hat-box, his bath-tub, and a varied assortment of sticks and umbrellas in a strap.

"By Jove, what luck!" he cried. "I've been thinkin' over that last story you told me, old chap, and, do you know, I see now that it was very clever. Of course the little dog wouldn't have known where he was goin', even if he hadn't eaten his tag!"

Walker Aken.

PATRIOTISM.

To love one's country—to desire
For her the best of all that Heaven can give:
Peace in her borders, freedom's deathless fire,
Just laws, and all that makes it good to live.
To love—and loving to translate
Love into efforts, such as wait
Upon the heart's best passions, and declare
What deeds alone are able to express—
Self-sacrificing deeds, not words of air—
The longing for a people's happiness.

OWEN HALL.

THE BATTLE OF LAJAS.

ON the 2d of June the Spanish General Suárez Valdés sent to his "Excmo. Sr." Weyler a despatch giving an account of the action of May 25, known as "La Accion de Lajas," or "Las Lajas." This despatch, which fills more than two columns in a Spanish paper, is exceedingly well written, and gives evidence of military ability. Its interest is enhanced by the fact that at the date of its composition its author was suffering from wounds of a very serious nature, received while he led his forces against a strong position which the insurgents were endeavoring to hold. He says that during the night of May 23 he received at headquarters in Pinar del Rio advices from the village called Consolación del Sur to the effect that insurgent bands were attacking the latter place and had burned several houses, although Consolación was held by Brigadier-General Wenceslao Molins with one thousand men. In the morning General Valdés went to his subordinate's assistance, taking seven companies of infantry, and reaching Consolación at nine o'clock, was informed that the insurgents had withdrawn, but no one could tell him in what direction.

The day was spent before scouts arrived reporting that large numbers of insurgents had been seen in the neighborhood of Sabanetón and Potosí. Accordingly, at five o'clock in the morning of the 25th, General Valdés set out in pursuit. General Molins accompanied him, and the total strength of the column was one thousand and seventy men, the order of march being as follows: In the vanguard, forty-five horse, one company of sappers, and two companies of the battalion San Quintín; centre, one company of marines, two pieces of artillery, and three companies of infantry; rear, two companies from the Castilian battalion preceding and following the "impedimenta," and finally a few horsemen of the Pizarro troop.

On reaching Sabanetón, General Valdés learned that Maceo with a considerable force was in Las Lajas, among the hillocks of Descanso and Potosí, peasants in that neighborhood stating that during the preceding night committees of the insurgents, "in greater part negroes and almost naked," had come to their houses and driven off oxen and horses, and taken all their fowls; and inasmuch as some of the peasants had been forced to drive the oxen to Las Lajas, they had quite naturally got a view of the camp.

When crossing the Lajas River and advancing a short distance into the country beyond, the vanguard was fired upon by the insurgents, and the rest of the column coming up to capture the commanding positions, General Valdés was wounded. "In this partial attack," he says, "I felt myself struck by two bullets, one in the right side (though I could not at the moment determine the precise locality nor the seriousness of the wound), another which, as I realized later, had passed through my right forearm. But I remained on horseback by an effort of will, because at that critical moment the resoluteness and rapidity of the attack might (I thought) contribute to a good result, and I was unwilling to cool in any manner the courage and good disposition of my troops."

General Valdés pluckily remained in command throughout the action. He admits in this report that the rebels offered a most obstinate defence during five hours, but, inasmuch as they were eventually forced backward, he claims a Spanish victory. In fact, the result was not decisive. The Cubans assert that Maceo was not compelled to retreat, but gained an important advantage by appearing to yield at one point in the line; that is just the natural view from the other side of the shield.

On another page of this number of the WEEKLY three sketches which Señor Carlos Valdes forwarded, and which Mr. De Thulstrup has redrawn, make the affair seem vividly present, from the burning of Consolación del Sur to the capture of a cannon in the general engagement. Accompanying the sketches is a note, dated May 27, which is no doubt slightly colored by an insurgent's enthusiasm; but reading this together with the Spanish leader's despatch we get a fair general view—and, thanks to the Spanish Valdés and the Cuban Valdes, we have *both* sides of the shield. A translation of the latter's note follows.

"One of the most important battles of the present campaign occurred on the 25th, on the banks of the Lajas River, the enemy's forces being commanded by General Suárez Valdés. Two days earlier General Maceo had sent three hundred men to make a demonstration against the enemy intrenched in Consolación under command of General Molins; where, in fine, they entered and laid fire to the houses, with the result that the enemy was dislodged. Next day we moved in the direction of Sabanetón and Potosí, Brigadier Banderas commanding the vanguard while we remained with General Maceo in the rear-guard. All day long we were sharp-shooting the enemy (*tiroteando*), who advanced with difficulty, owing to the large number of the wounded to be cared for and carried along. That night General Maceo ordered us to construct fortifications on the hillocks of Potosí and Descanso, between which runs the river Lajas, for we had heard that a strong column under General Suárez Valdés had re-enforced General Molins. There we awaited them, and when the column began to cross the river we opened a destructive fire upon their ranks. Then we feigned a retreat from the Descanso Hill, hoping to involve them on the flank; and the stratagem had the desired effect, for they saw themselves surrounded on three sides, and then came hot fighting. There were moments, like that when we took one of the cannon they had brought with them, when nothing could be heard but the *cric-crac* of the machetes against the bayonets. Once I thought I was wounded, but it was only a bruise. The enemy retired in disorder to San Diego, leaving on the field one hundred and eighty-seven dead, besides forty-two wounded, whom we cared for, and whom General Maceo sent, after disarming them, to San Diego. A *parlamentario* [apparently one who, with the pretext of parleying, informed himself how it had gone with the enemy] accompanied these wounded Spaniards, restored them to their friends, and took *a written receipt*. On our side forty-eight men were killed, among them Captain Rogelio Oliva, and twenty-two were wounded. A bullet shattered the hilt of General Maceo's machete, but he seems to be invulnerable, and is always to be found wherever the danger is greatest."

Considered as the impression of a combatant who wrote on the second day after the stirring event, the note is fairly accurate, and the writer knows the value of accuracy—that is evident. Writing from Cuzco, he says: "I have received the package of periodicals. We had a great day in camp looking over HARPER'S WEEKLY and admiring the faithful reproduction of the scenes, for it is as though the artist who redrew the sketches knew these remote places 'palm-tree for palm-tree.' If possible send me another set, for those I have are worn out with being passed from hand to hand."

M. W.

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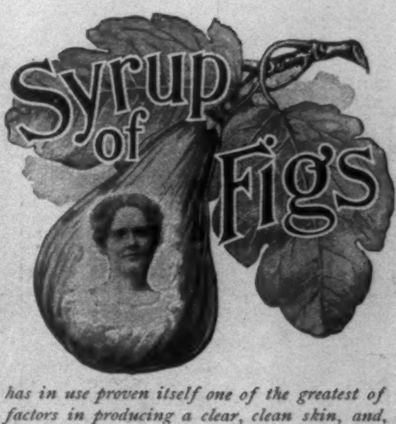

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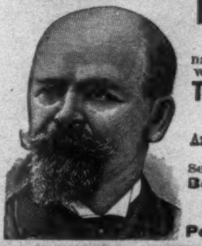
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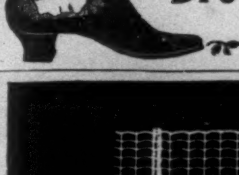
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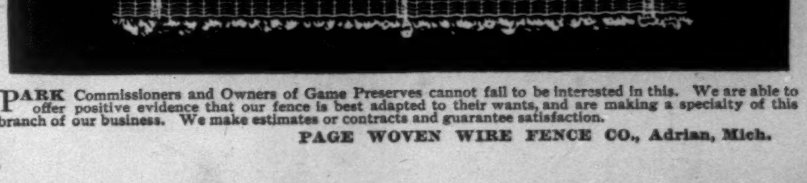
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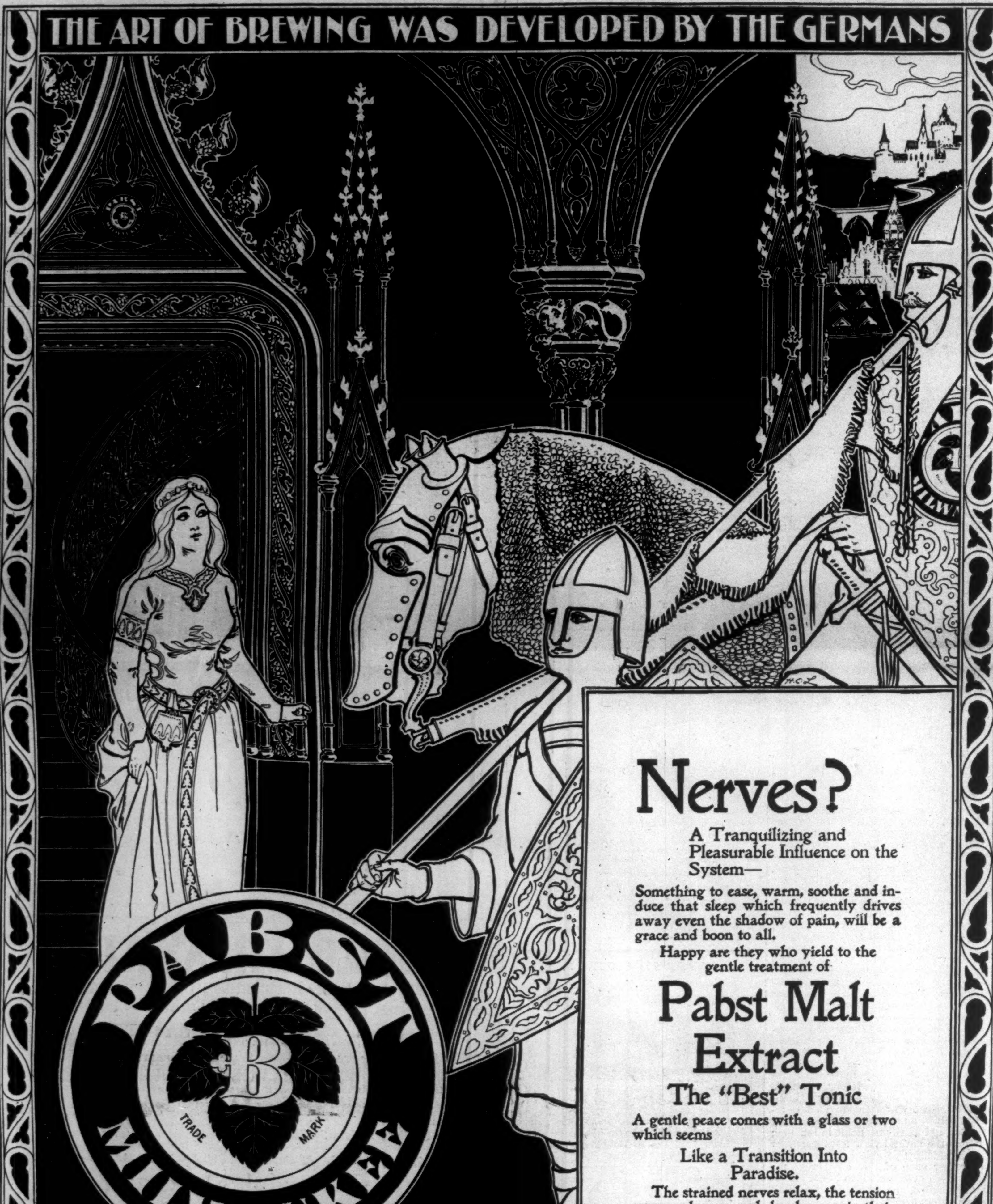
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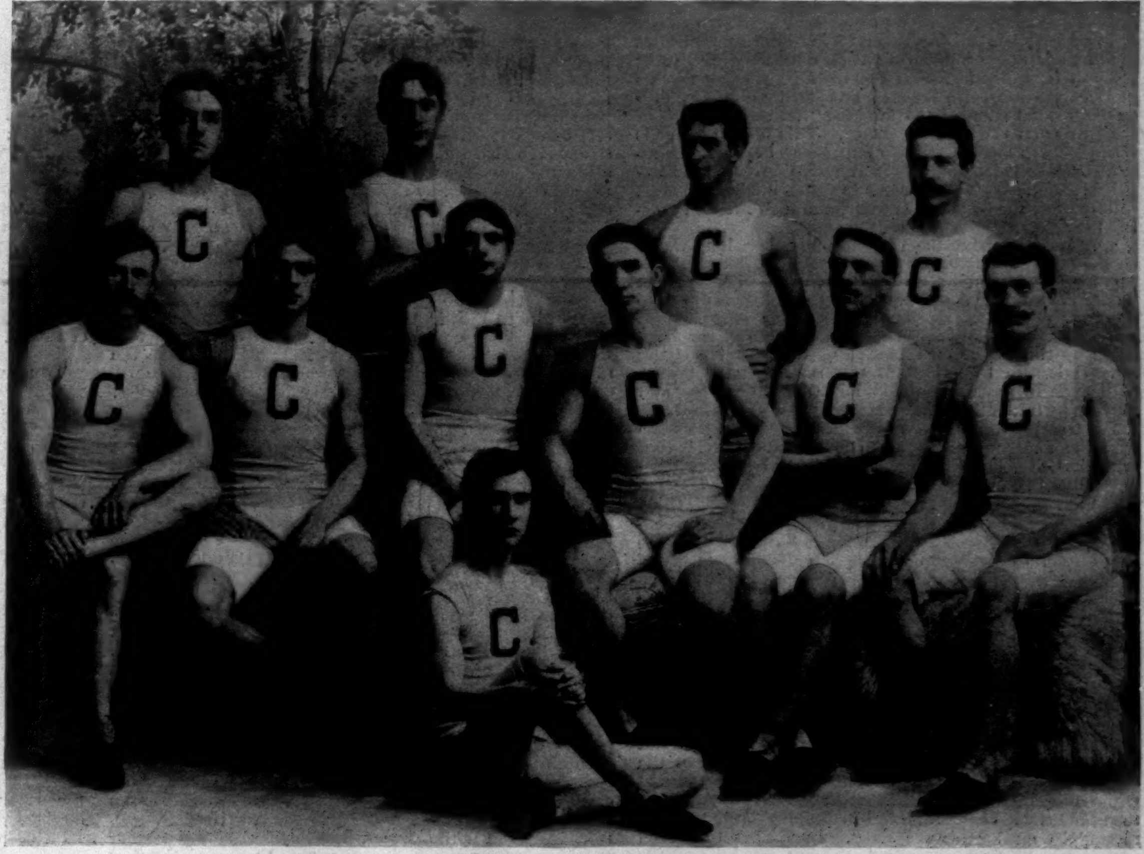

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CORNELL 'VARSITY CREW.

Winner Quadrangular Four-mile Race, June 26, 1896.—Time, 19 Minutes 21 Seconds.—From a Photograph by Gillivray.

AMATEUR·SPORT

This is Henley week, and as the eyes of all sportsmen are, for the hour, upon Yale, we yield the entire Department to the American crew.

YALE IN QUARTERS AT HENLEY.

To an American who is fond of boating—alas! there are too few of them—the sight of a Yale crew swinging up the Thames past the green shores and gay house-boat flotilla of Henley is really thrilling. The white Y flashing on the symmetrical line of blue jerseys stands for a nation's interest, not alone for the university at New Haven, whose oarsmen have for the first time dared to challenge the pick of the boating-men of the country which has always led the world in aquatic sports. From the sweeping stretches of the New England Thames and the little cottage at Gales Ferry where the Yale flag has flaunted for twenty years, to the silver ribbon of waters winding through English fields, famed for the greatest rowing contests ever held, is a far step.

The change, the novelty, and the importance of it all have overwhelmed the Yale youngsters a bit. They were rather in a trance for two or three days, as though suddenly dropped on another planet, and their eyes bulged big with surprise and delight. For Henley is one of the garden spots of England, and the all-pervading boating atmosphere made the visitors feel that such a country must breed oarsmen instead of making them.

Thus far the pilgrimage of the Yale crew has been as successful as could be asked. The dreaded ocean voyage proved a bugaboo. Neptune wore the Yale blue for nine days, with sunshine, halcyon weather, and a sea like velvet. "Yale luck" won over the sea-god, and the little band of athletes landed in the perfection of condition and an effervescence of high spirits.

They have been at Henley nearly a week, with faultless weather, warm and clear as June-time at Gales Ferry. They are riotous with the thrill which comes with youth and trained physique, and Captain Treadway has now and then to check the tennis-playing and the running along the tow-path which his lusty youngsters seek between the morning and afternoon practice pulls on the water. The rowing has improved with each day, from the first irregular jerky stroke which showed the ill effects of the long lay-off. The swing has lengthened, the blades bite the water with a more solid grip, and the leap of the shell to the lightning heave of these muscular shoulders begins to have something of the magical rhythm which marks the swing of a crack Yale crew a week before the Harvard race at New London.

Bob Cook feels, as does every other old Yale rowing man here, that if this eight can row the Yale stroke right, the rest must be left to the God of battles. With a fair field and no favor, Yale will row hard and well, and the best man will not be grudged the victory. The Americans will not whine if beaten. They look for defeat, and they are prepared to brace themselves against disaster.

To look at, they are a credit and a glory to their country. I am not over-enthusiastic because I have pulled in Yale crews. I have only to tell of the opinions of the English boating-men who are swarming to Henley. They are unanimous in saying that so fine a lot of physical specimens never swung to the oars of an eight on the Thames course. It is odd that in build and appearance the Yale men are the typical Britons of one's fancy, while the Englishmen have more the look of the traditional Yankee—that is, the invaders are thick-set, muscular, long-limbed, bull-necked, while most of the native crew men on the river are long-waisted, light in the legs, tall, and angular. The New Haven athletes look like a lot of young gladiators by comparison. Beard, Rodgers, Bailey, Longacre, Treadway, are "sturdy oaks," built like fighting-men or wrestlers. Langford is long and slim, Simpson does not show knots of muscles, and Brown, huge in the chest, shoulders, and barrel, is light below the waist; but the general effect when the eight is out is of beautiful symmetry and unlimited power. The Yale oarsmen are brown as Indians from the hot summer sun of New Haven Harbor and Lake Whitney, while the Englishmen have not that rich tint which the sun paints in our fierce sunshine.

It is also good for Yale and America that these young men are rarely nice to meet socially, and are gentlemen, every one. They have not met many English boating-men, because the migration of crews to Henley is only beginning, but they are sure to make a good impression as men, even though their athletic reputation is still in the dark.

The Yale quarters are positively gorgeous, and the stories of the luxurious weeks at Marsh Mill House will make future Yale oarsmen in modest American quarters mildly envious and incredulous. A beautiful country-seat by the Thames side, the smiling water under the windows, broad lawns, flower gardens, and ivy-clothed walls all around, the whole scene a perfect picture of the idyllic side of English life, have made the coming of Yale to Henley a pleasure whose memory even defeat cannot dim. The family plate, pictures, furnishings, and an absurdly extensive staff of servants have been given for the use of the Yale party. The marble busts of Minerva and Demosthenes with blue Yale caps cocked jauntily over one ear may indicate American levity, but "these venerable parties make good hat-racks, and they don't mind," says little Tommy Clarke, the coxswain, which is sensible, after all, if not quite in accord with the fitness of things.

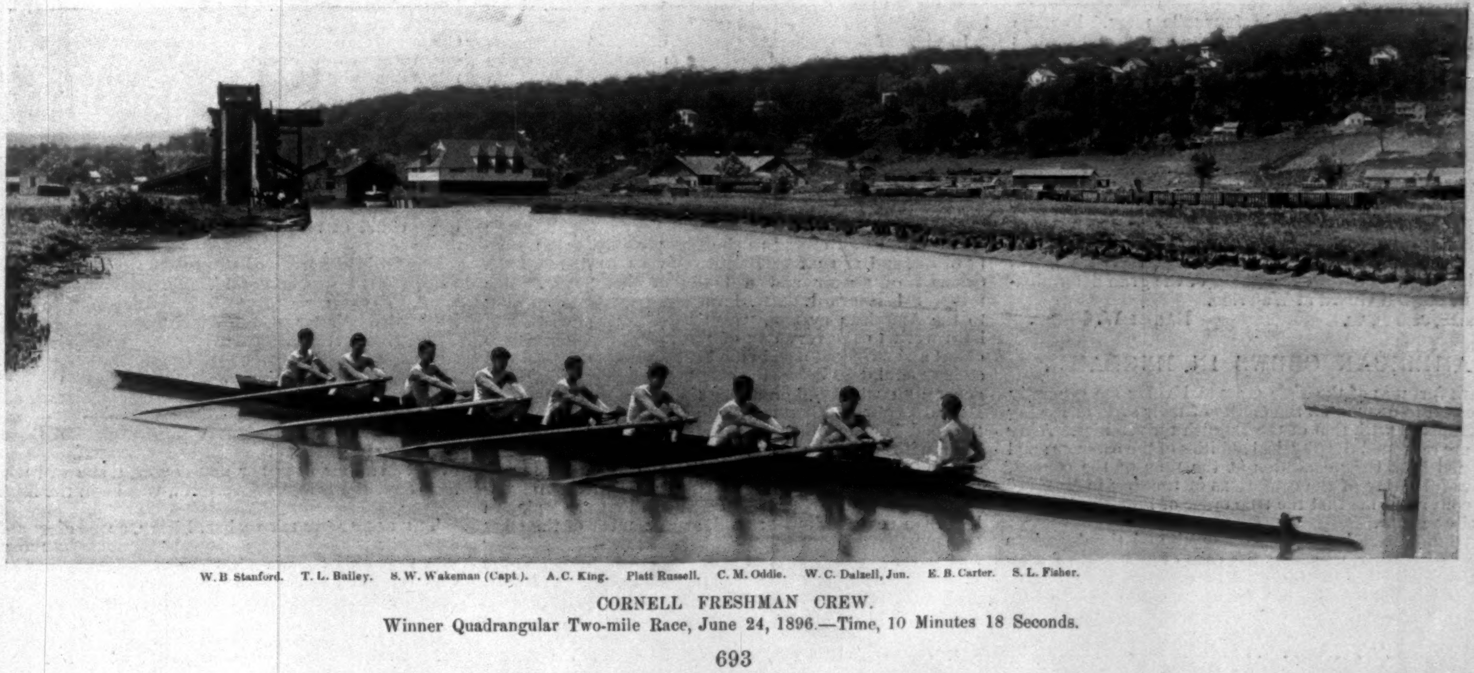
The training life, apart from the beautiful environment, is much the same as at New London. The English beef and mutton, the strawberries and vegetables, are more appetizing than the supplies at Gales Ferry, but the same Herculean appetites recall the home land. The solemn butler watches the ravages of "Zeus" Longacre, and conceals his agitation nobly, but his cropped whiskers rustle with amazement when the fourth slice of beef as big as a tennis shoe is attacked by one of these destructionists.

The crew quartet, whose efforts charmed the *Berlin's* company, warbles around the piano in the lingering twilight, and "Here's to good old Yale" wakes the dozing lock-keeper at Marsh Mills. The extraordinary lingering qualities of these English twilights bewilder the visitors. They are ordered to bed at 9.30 o'clock, when daylight has not deepened into dusk, and feel like small children ordered up stairs by a stony-hearted nurse-maid.

Bob Cook, in his coaching work, reminds one of a music-hall artist with a change of costume between every "turn." The English coaches trot along the tow-path on horseback, with the panting substitutes pounding ahead to open the gates every quarter-mile. Within four days Cook has coached from a horse, a bicycle, a pair oar, and an electric launch, and is now seeking information concerning the latest practical results from flying-machines. The pair oar and launch are too slow to keep pace with the crew; the bicycle is unruly when its master attempts to skim along a narrow tow-path with deep water two feet away, and attention distracted by the boat-load of rowing pupils. "Bob's" experience with the horses has been disheartening, as he has been furnished with equine mountains, apparently retired from active service in brewers' drays. The imposing brutes pound along with the grace of an iron safe, and the coach's ideas are jolted unmercifully.

Paddling short distances at a stretch, the Yale boat usually pulls two miles down the Thames, over the regatta course, from the Royal Boat Club House, coming home against the tide in the water which they will tear up on that first fateful day, Tuesday, July 7. Trinity Hall eight paddles leisurely by now and then, and the Yale men lay on their oars to watch one of the eights which is entered for the Grand Challenge Cup—the crew which Yale may meet, if the lots so order, for their first heart-breaking contest in the lists of the "blue ribbon" of English rowing.

The difference in the form of the two eights is very



W. B Stanford. T. L. Bailey. S. W. Wakeman (Capt.). A. C. King. Platt Russell. C. M. Oddie. W. C. Dalzell, Jun. E. B. Carter. S. L. Fisher.

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striking. The Yale men, with their backs straight, shoulders square, swinging in a perfect line, look far prettier than the Englishmen, who reach forward until their bodies touch their knees, and swing back until they are gazing straight into the sky, with the bodies swinging in two lines, careless of form inboard, but getting a mighty grip on the water, that recalls to mind the "get there" stroke of the American rowing vocabulary. This terrific heave is formidable to look at with an experienced eye, for the results outboard claim an oarsman's attention. Those English blades drop into the water as into a mud bank, stick solidly until the end of the stroke, and then lift out, leaving the water smooth as a mirror.

This is what makes the Yale men fear these long-waisted Britons. The Cook theory declares that this doubling up of bodies fore and aft means much wasted effort; that the stroke must be concentrated into a smaller compass to secure the greatest power with the least effort. Yale body-work with the beautiful watermanship of the Englishmen—this is the combination which Cook is striving for. It is safe to predict at this time that the hostile Britisher will have reason to admire both the swing and the blade-work of these Yale men two weeks from this time.

The training diet of the English crew men differs little from the Yale programme. The menu is the same, except that the Britons drink tea and claret. "Bob" Cook believes that in Rome it is wise to do as the Romans do, because the Romans have been here for a rather long time, and have profited much from experience. Therefore, because English athletes use more liquid with meals than is the custom in American training life, foaming mugs of English "bitter" are more frequently punished at Marsh Mill House than ever at Gales Ferry, where a glass of ale after a four-mile row on time was the limit of indulgence.

The London newspapers have said little about the work of the visitors since brief paragraphs telling of their arrival, but have nice things to say of Yale's position in America, and of the highly favorable social impression made by the oarsmen. The cordiality of the boating-men has atoned for the dark insinuations of the sporting journals that Yale was not largely yearned for in the Grand Challenge field. The crew-men look longingly at the cards sent them from the New Travellers', Sports, and Grosvenor clubs of London, the irony of hospitality, for the athletes will not be allowed to wander to the alluring metropolis until after the races. Invitations to launch and house-boat parties afford pleasant glimpses of the charming society life of the Thames, and the men are happy only to loaf about the river and their quarters in recreation-time.

Occasionally a party of American girls brightens the shadowed stretches of the river when the eight is out, and from launch or house-boat the flutter of a blue flag or the flame of the stars and stripes is like a bit of New London with the dear old "Rah, rah, rah," or the "Brek-ke-ke-kex," volleying across the water sharp and defiant in the midst of the enemy. Regatta week at Henley is the grandest carnival in a spectacular way to be found in all England.

The river life now is a foretaste of the glory of it all. But the minds of the Yale band are not upon the house-boats and the myriad of water-craft which will throng this little stream, and of the wealth and youth and beauty of all England which will make these three miles of water a fairyland, but upon the narrow stretch, a mile and 500 yards long, marked out by posts and flags, over which they are rowing morning and afternoon. This is the battle-field over which the pick of England's oarsmen have fought for three-quarters of a century. Last year Americans tried and failed. Yale, against great odds, has thrown down the gauntlet with an audacity which is inspired by faith in her representatives, her rowing principles, and her coach.

Nearly a quarter-century has passed since "Bob" Cook, a Freshman in Yale, a green country lad from a Pennsylvania farm, came to England to learn how to row. The Leander and London Rowing clubs treated him royally, showing him all that he wished about their stroke, their shells, the rigging methods, and training life. The hard-headed, muscular Freshman carried his knowledge home, was self-confident enough to alter the English stroke on the lines of his own theories, and became the greatest exponent of scientific rowing in America. He now invades England with a thoroughly representative Yale crew to test the merits of the system which has made the dark blue supreme on American water. Against him will be matched the crews of the Leander and London Rowing clubs, whose pupil he was in '72. Yale graduates will come to see the contest who pawned their coats, furniture, and watches to raise money for sending "Bob" Cook to England long ago. These things make this visit striking and impressive.

Yale has been schooled in four-mile races. For the first time a short-distance race will be rowed, and against men who have been born and bred to rowing at home, in school and college. Yet with these handicaps and on a strange course, with the climate supposed to weigh heavily against foreign athletes, Yale will make a creditable showing. This much may be said in fullest confidence. The eights of Trinity Hall, New College, Leander, and London will be made up of men who have rowed for years—most of them Oxford and Cambridge "blues," older men than these Yale lads, whose average age is only twenty-one years. But the men who have lived beneath the New Haven elms know that the "Yale spirit" is not a myth, and that these youngsters, most of them untried, will paddle to the start with something of the grim determination of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

HENLEY, *June 20, '96.* RALPH W. PAINE.

AMERICAN CREWS IN ENGLAND.

THE fortunes of the Yale crew at Henley are generally supposed to depend on the merits of their style of rowing as compared with that of the English universities. After this are reckoned the physical abilities of the oarsmen; and last and least their condition at the time of the contest. A careful study of the conditions of training in England has convinced me that the true order of importance is the precise reverse.

The difference between the English and the American styles of rowing, which in the case of the Cornell crew was so marked, will this year be comparatively slight; yet, as the Yale stroke has the better claim to be called typically American, the comparison will not be uninteresting. Our stroke was derived from that in vogue at Cambridge during the last period of boating supremacy. Its points of difference will best be understood by comparing the mechanism of the English and the American racing-shell. In our boat the eight seats slide in single file above the keelson, and the leverage on the oar is gained by long outriggers. In the English boat the bow-side oarsmen sit near the gunwale of the stroke-side, and stroke-side sit in a line parallel to them near the bow-side gunwale. Towards the end of each stroke, however, the curve described by the oar handles tends to throw the eight backs into a single line above the keelson. This fact largely explains the seeming lack of clean body work which Americans at once remark in English rowing. Yet, in point of fact, the English do pay less heed to body-work: I have seen certain men in a winning Oxford eight "screw" from one end of the season to the other, and from start to finish of the race, without causing more than a passing comment. The reason for this is that where the seats are on the side of the boat opposite the rowlocks less outrigging is necessary to obtain the required leverage, and consequently the boat is steadier. The watermanship of an English crew seldom fails to be equal to our best. There is no prettier sight in the boating world than an Oxford eight spurting up from Iffley at the end of a long day's practice, swinging their bodies with utter freedom, and at the same time striking the water with the absolute rhythm of an orchestra. The flesh and bones of the English stroke, however—the long body-reach, and the steady, vigorous leg-drive—the Yale authorities have largely retained, though they have shortened both a trifle in order to quicken the stroke a peg or two. On the whole, the English stroke seems to me easier and more natural; and for the Putney-Mortlake course, more serviceable. Yet, judging by the pace Cornell showed in practice last year at Henley, the Englishmen have something to learn of the value of hitting-up the stroke on a brief course of smooth water. The stability of the English boat is not an important factor at Henley, whereas the rapidity of the American stroke will probably prove effective.

From the point of view of the men themselves, the sprint race ought to prove a decided advantage. It is an established fact, explain it as you will, that for all contests requiring nervous dash and energy the American is superior. We can sprint faster, hurdle faster, jump farther and higher, than our English cousins. Even with the shot and hammer our superior snap prevails. The same is apparent also in those games which do not admit of comparison by figures. The typical baseball-player is skilful, accurate, quick, the cricketer steady and reliable; a hit in time is what saves the nine, while the cricketer aims at centuries. Our game of football, starting with the continuous tussle of the old English scrimmage, has resolved itself into a series of onslaughts in which the main requirements are skill and dash. Man for man, then, the Yale oarsmen have only to be Americans to win.

The cause of this difference in physique is probably climate. An Englishman finds our atmosphere brisk and bracing; an American is never happy in England until he learns a stolid resistance to rain and fog. Even the sudden changes of our temperature have an enlivening effect. To this statement an Englishman will of course answer that his climate also is changeable; but he only means that one is likely to encounter three separate showers in five minutes.

A personal comparison of the two climates was lately thrust upon me while training for an English athletic team. In the shorter distances, for which in America I should have been best fitted, I not only failed to reach my form, but grew worse from day to day, until I fell prey to rheumatism. As a last resort, I tried to run the mile, and in the course of time improved ten seconds on my American form. Meanwhile I discovered that though I required more work than most of the Englishmen to get fit, I could run my best on considerably less work than I was used to in America. A similar experience befell the Yale athletes who went over to run against Oxford, though their stay was too short to recover form in the half and mile. On the other hand, when the English athletes came to America the distance runners not only lost all endurance, but began to stride clumsily, while the quarter-milers and sprinters were, with a single exception, yards above their normal form; and this, too, in spite of seasickness, colic, and American beer, topped off by the hottest day we have ever had for an athletic meeting. The most remarkable case is that of Jordon, the Oxford sprinter. He was so under the weather that he was with difficulty persuaded to enter the quarter as a pacemaker. Yet, in spite of intense physical pain, he found himself quite fresh at the end of the first furlong, and not only made the best fight for his race of all the Englishmen, but bettered his best previous time by almost two seconds.

In view of such facts, the problem of training an American crew on English soil is far from simple. To reason simply from the experience of American athletes would perhaps not be warranted: it is fortunate, at any rate, that we have the experience of two American crews in England to go by. The training of the Harvard four that raced Oxford over the Putney-Mortlake course in 1869 is described in the Harvard Book in an article based upon notes furnished by two members of the crew. To this day the Thames Valley is considered the most unwholesome district of England. The crews make their period of training as short as possible, drink plenty of ale, and run off to Brighton every week-end for a draught of sea-air and a bottle of champagne. The misguided Harvard crew, however, training according to the American system, "continued their practice and hard work to the very day of the race, though the two oldest and strongest men in the boat were overworked and stale several days before the event. This was noticed and generally commented on at the time." Clearly the first Harvard crew had become distinctly inferior to what the "second" or any other good American crew would have been with only the usual fortnight of training on the scene of the race. The case of Cornell at Henley is precisely similar. At the end of their American training they rowed over a course equivalent to that at Henley in less than seven minutes; and, as a member of the crew told me, they had plenty of spurt left at the finish. Their first trial at Henley, a private one, was a trifle over seven minutes. Their first public trial was 7 m. 5 s. This trial was the fastest rowed over the course that year, and caused a genuine panic among the university boating-men. To an American their anticipatory disgust at having such an outlandish stroke justified was very amusing. From that time onward, however, the crew fell off. First they lost all sprint, and then all appetite. When one of the lighter men was unable to eat his meat, the trainer told him that he would have to eat it or quit the boat. He left the boat. In the race their fast stroke gave them the lead at the start; but when they called upon themselves for the final spurt they went completely to pieces under the effort. Trinity Hall rowed them down easily at the finish. The time was 7 m. 14 s.

Such evidence is pretty nearly conclusive. Yale may have a slight advantage in the stroke, and she has a distinct advantage in the brevity of the course. Potentially, then, she should win the Grand Challenge. The actual result will depend upon how carefully the training is adapted to English conditions. And even the wisest of training is not likely to bring them up to their best American form. JOHN CORBIN.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM YALE is encouraging. The weights have not varied much since leaving New Haven, and will average about 172, which is heavy for Henley, where 168 is considered top weight. The average of Oxford and Cambridge crews for the last twenty years, and of Grand Challenge crews for the same time, is about 165 pounds. The Yale men are much more compact in build than the Englishmen, so that this extra weight should not handicap them, as they handle themselves well, and are moving quickly with dash and go. Their physical condition is superb, and the climate has had no very serious ill effects thus far. When the crew left Lake Whitney the stroke was up at 36 and 38, which shortened it at both ends, making the catch too light, the swing too short, and shirking the finish badly. The first day's work at Henley showed that these faults must be hit hard and quickly, and on the next day of practice Cook dropped the stroke to 25 and 26. He lengthened the reach and swing back so much that Englishmen thought he was copying Trinity Hall. But Cook's idea is that as the stroke goes up to a racing gait of 36 and 38, the swing shortens naturally, and the improvement in Yale's work since reaching England has been remarkable both outboard and inboard. The oars catch the water harder and firmer; they are pulled through straight, and do not throw up the fountains at the finish which sicken the heart of a rowing man.

THE STROKE HAS BEEN RAISED GRADUALLY, carefully keeping the swing long and the blades down in the water. The only point in which Trinity Hall afforded a good object-lesson for Yale in the first week's work was the beauty of its pull through the water. The blades grip the water in great style without losing an inch, and stick without a bit of fuss until lifted out. Blade-work aside, the form of the English oarsmen is grotesque compared with that of Yale. Inboard they swing all over the boat, and stretch for the water until they are out of shape for a square pull from the hips. The method of seating the men across the boat to give more leverage makes the alignment look badly, and the men sit slouchily.

Yale must make a beautiful contrast, with the men reaching out with straight backs and square shoulders, sitting up on the finish, and getting away their hands like lightning. Englishmen pull their oars in to touch the body, while Yale cuts hands off two or three inches away.

ON THE RECOVER the Englishmen shoot their hands out slowly, following with body and slide together, coming "forward in a lump." Yale makes three motions of this—hand shoot, then back swinging up a trifle before the slide starts with a rush. Englishmen come down to the catch very slowly on the slides, emphasizing it more than Yale, and keep their boats running finely between strokes. English watermanship is superior to Yale's, and, indeed, a thing of beauty, for the men have rowed in all sorts of craft; they sit easier, and "feel" their boat. This practised watermanship makes the blade-work instinctively good, for the "feeling for the water," the hard catch, and the clean, easy finish come by experience. They cannot be taught,—a man must pick up the knack. Yale has improved daily, and Englishmen now have a wholesome respect for the American crew. They are enthusiastic over the looks and power of the men, and say they will take a lot of beating, while conservative oarsmen even say that if Yale continues to improve she will have a good chance for the Grand Challenge Cup.

Trinity Hall has six Cambridge University men in the boat, and is much stronger than when she won head of the river this year in the college eights.

LEANDER AND NEW COLLEGE are rated high above the London Rowing Club. In fact, the field this year is considered one of the strongest ever entered for the Grand Challenge Cup. English crews train hard and row together only three or four weeks for this regatta, after a period of relaxation following the college-eights races.

English shells are two feet shorter than Yale's, or 60 feet and 62 feet, respectively. The oars are six inches longer, giving extra leverage inboard, but are handled without trouble, because the men sit away from the rowlocks and not in the middle of the boat, and the outrigger is very firm. The extra inches outboard are needed with the long swing, and apparently six inches longer from rowlock to blade could be taken care of with the remarkable length of stroke.

English blades are two inches narrower than Yale's, which will give the former considerable advantage in a heavy wind. To overcome this, Cook is making his men carry the feather back flatter than in America.

The Henley course is nearly straight, and the races are rowed against the current. The winds blow hard, much of the time across the stream, and the crew on the lee side, under shelter of the house-boats, has an advantage of easily a length.

The races will extend over three days, and there will probably be eight crews in the Grand Challenge Cup event. If Yale wins her first-day heat, she will race the next day, and if again successful, will be in the finals.

THE GOLF ASSOCIATION has, I learn, a rule disqualifying an amateur player who gives instruction in the game. But that only half supplies the need in golf for legislation on the player with professional tendencies. We shall handle this subject further soon again.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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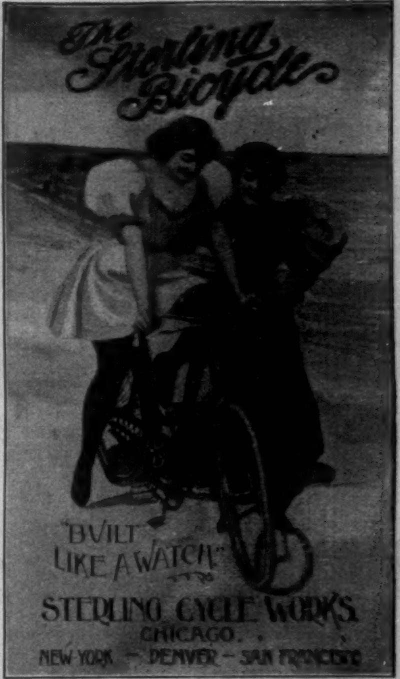

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